

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1890.

A YOUNG HEROINE.

"IF the chinch-bugs take all the wheat, and the cut-worms destroy the corn, mercy knows what we'll live on next winter, for I don't, Stewart."

"I hope there'll be something left. We must trust to Providence and do the best we can, grandma," answered Keturah from the table where she was folding the week's ironing.

"Providence won't fill empty granaries when the crops are all destroyed, and it does seem as if everything is going in a heap. The peaches are all winter killed, the apples dropping off with blight, the gooseberries white with mildew, and the worms eating the cabbages. As if that were not enough, the pigs are dying of cholera, and, to cap all, old Brindle must go and clover founder, so she'll be of no account for milk for half the summer. If we're spared bread to eat, we'll have nothing to eat with it."

Keturah saw that her grandmother was looking through her pessimistic spectacles and knew it was useless to try to convince her that things were really not half as bad as she pictured them.

"Your speaking of fruit, grandma," said she, "reminds me that the wild strawberries must be getting ripe over in Mr. Bryant's pasture. Mrs. Bryant told me, whenever they were ripe, to come and gather just as many as I liked. As I have nothing special to do this evening, I will go and gather some, if you wish."

"Yes, dear, if you please. Wild strawberries are better than nothing, and I suppose we ought to be thankful for what we can get."

The little Browns, five in all, of whom Keturah, now fifteen, was the oldest, had been left orphans, dependent for a home on their aged grandparents, who were ill able to support them, and it made the young girl sensitive.

As she hung a basket on her arm and started for the place where the berries grew, "How it pains me," mused she, "to hear grandma go on so. She is always just as kind as kind can be, and I know she does not mean to hurt me by it, but I cannot help feeling it. I try to do all I can to repay her and grandpa, and hope I'll be able some time to do more. I try to teach the others to feel the same about it, too."

Little did the sensitive girl dream how soon she would have the opportunity, by one brave act, to repay them for years of devotion.

When she reached the place where the berries grew she found them ripe and abundant, and soon her sad reflections were lost in the mild and pleasurable excitement of hurrying into her basket the deliciously flavored, scarlet fruit.

So intently busy was she that she did not see the heavy cloud rising in the west till the rumbling thunder overhead warned her of the shower near. Though the fruit was still temptingly ripe and

abundant, she did not wait to fill her basket, but set off at once for home, not wishing to be caught in the rain.

Her way lay through a piece of woods that separated the field she was in from her grandfather's place. Soon she heard the big drops pattering down on the leaves overheard.

"It will soil my fresh calico so. I wish I had started sooner," thought she.

Just then she espied the hollow stump of an old tree, near by.

There was an opening at one side large enough to admit her, and she crept into it to find it a dry and cozy retreat from the now fast-falling rain.

"Was ever anything more fortunate?" murmured she, settling down in a position to rest, for she had been at work since early morning, and her young limbs were tired.

As the noise of the falling rain reached her now with a soothing, muffled sound, through the thick walls of her retreat, her head drooped forward on her breast and soon she was fast asleep.

She had not slept long, but the rain had ceased falling, when she was awakened by the sound of voices near.

Supposing it was only some one passing, and dreaming not of danger, she was about to come forth to pursue her way home when a few words reached her that arrested her attention and chained her to the spot, chilling her veins with terror, for she discovered that the speakers were much nearer than she at first supposed—not two feet from her, in fact, and she soon heard enough of what they were saying to convince her that they were "White Caps," members of a band of desperadoes, who, assuming the right of administering justice according to their own cruel ideas, frequently sallied forth at night to drag from their beds and brutally chastise such unfortunate persons as may have fallen under their displeasure.

They were called "White Caps" be-

cause of the white masks with which they disguised themselves when perpetrating their dastardly outrages on the persons of their unfortunate and helpless victims.

So fearful were their visitations that their very name breathed terror throughout that and several adjoining counties; and with such secrecy and dispatch had they always perpetrated their brutal work that not one of them had been found out, though several persons were under suspicion of being of their number.

Keturah could not hear all that they said, but she learned that they were organizing for another one of their night raids.

Two men, if not more were to be visited and "regulated," as they called it, during the coming night.

One of them, Asa Biggs, a rather good-for-nothing, but simple and inoffensive old man who lived near, and the other one—Abijah Stewart, her own dear grandfather! Did she hear aright? Yes, she could not be mistaken, they called his name again.

She thought she was going to faint. Her head swam round, her temples throbbed, and she could no longer distinguish what they were saying. Oh! that she might hasten home and warn her grandfather, so that he might be far away when they came to seek him; but she dared not leave her retreat while those terrible men were so near.

"Don't speak so loud. The very bushes have ears sometimes," she heard one of them say to his companion.

Prophetic warning. Little did they dream how much was already betrayed to one pair of eager young ears.

What if they should discover her and know that she had heard them? The girl trembled with terror at the thought. Perhaps they would kill her. She was certain they would not let her go to tell what she had heard till too late for her telling to save their victims.

Would they never move away? The minutes dragged like hours. At last she heard them going, and, peering cautiously out, was quite sure she recognized one of the men as a ruffianly fellow with whom her grandfather had had frequent difficulty, but she knew that he, and not her grandfather, had always been most, if not wholly in the wrong. As soon as she dared, she crept from her shelter and started toward home, terror adding wings to her speed, till her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as she hastened onward.

As she neared the house, she paused to take breath and consider what were best to be done.

At first she had thought only of warning her grandfather to escape, now she longed for some way by which his would-be assassins might be brought to grief. She could think of one way and one only. It was twelve miles to the county capital, but some one must ride there and return with the sheriff and a posse of men between that time and one o'clock, the hour fixed upon by the ruffians for carrying out their cruel threats. It was then past seven, as it was near sunset.

But who was there to take such a ride? Her grandfather was old, rheumatic, and unused to riding, their two nearest neighbors were gone from home, there was no one else within three miles whom it would be safe to trust. Her resolve was taken. She would go herself. It was a fearful trial of her courage when she remembered the long and lonely road, the approaching night, the overcast and threatening sky, and for a moment she paused again, irresolute, undecided, then love rose superior to fear.

"I will do it," said she aloud to herself, as she passed on into the house and set her basket of berries on the kitchen table.

"Child, you have come at last, have you?" said her grandmother. "I was so uneasy about you I was just starting out to call your grandfather to go after you.

I did not know but lightning had struck you, or a limb fallen on you, or something. Run now and get some dry clothes on, for you must be wet to the skin."

"No, grandma, I found such a snug shelter in the hollow trunk of an old tree. Don't you see, I am quite dry?"

"So you are, but your face is as white as a cloth. What can be the matter, child? Are you sick, or have you seen a spook?"

Not waiting to answer, the girl turned and ran out to the stable where her grandfather was putting up his horses.

Hurriedly she told him all she had heard, and what she had resolved to do.

"The ruffians will have to scourge me, darling, unless I can find other means of protection, for I cannot let you take that long lonely ride through the darkness of night. Your little heart would break with fear ere you went half way."

"I must go, grandpa, indeed I must. There may never be another such chance for capturing some of the wicked White Caps, and breaking up their gang. O grandpa! I should die of grief and shame if they were to whip you as they did that poor man on Snow Creek a few weeks ago, and if you run away from them to-night it will be only for them to take you another time."

"I shall not run from them, child. I am an old man, but I'll make it a costly night's work for some of them if they attempt to molest me."

"O grandpa they will kill you as certainly as you resist them, and knowing what I do, I shall always hate myself for a coward if I do not try to carry information to the sheriff. There have been heroines of my line, grandfather, and shall I disgrace my race?"

Seeing the look of high resolve on the proud young face, her grandfather gave reluctant consent to her plan.

"Now, saddle Chestnut for me while I run to the house for my cloak and hood,

and I will be off at once. You can explain to grandma after I am gone. There is no time now to spare. As I go by Mr. Biggs's I will stop and tell the old couple to come over here for the night. I need not stop to tell them anything more. As they never slight an invitation, they will be sure to come. By not finding them at home the White Caps will get here the sooner, as I heard them say they intended to 'fix' him first, but I could not bear to think of the simple old creatures being left at the mercy of the fiends."

"God bless you, child, for the generous thought! In my anxiety I quite forgot the poor old souls. They will be safer with us, and we none the less safe for having them, and may Heaven speed your return with a force sufficient to capture our would-be tormentors."

While Keturah ran for her cloak and hood her grandfather saddled and led out Chestnut—a pretty chestnut-sorrel horse, five years old, as docile as a lamb, strong, sure, and tolerably fleet-footed.

"Now, my beauty, do your best," said the girl, stroking his satiny, arched neck as she mounted.

"My child, I feel that I ought not to let you go," said the old man, his hand still on the bridle.

She gave a little chirrup that sent her horse forward, slipping the bridle from his hand and quite beyond his reach.

"Now, you cannot hinder me," said she, laughing back with a brave gayety that made her face appear lovely as an angel's in the eyes of her fond grandparent.

The next moment she was speeding away, her little red hood gleaming through the deepening twilight like some bird of brilliant plumage.

Her grandmother, seeing her ride away, came out, curious to learn where she was going. When she heard all her heart was wrung with anxiety, not only for the safety of her aged husband, but also for the beloved grandchild speeding away on

the lonely road, but when called to meet real trouble she, too, had something of the heroic in her veins, and she uttered not a word of the fears that beset her, and when the Biggses came she almost forgot self in her efforts to console the simple souls who were quite distracted on hearing that they had fallen under the displeasure of the dreaded "White Caps."

"Get them some coffee and biscuits, grandma, and strawberries, with sugar and cream. I think that will help them," suggested Keturah's little brother Tommy. "If the White Caps come to bother, I'll take Bob's big squirt-gun and shoot them with hot water."

Whether it was the prospect of biscuits and coffee or the protection offered in a squirt-gun and hot water, the old couple brightened at Tommy's suggestion, and by the time the repast was prepared were able to do it full justice, and grew almost merry, their fears seeming to vanish with the flaky biscuits down their throats.

While they, like two children, are losing their fears over the comforting cheer of a warm supper, and her grandfather is making such arrangements as he can for the defense of his house and person, Keturah is riding on and on as fast as her horse can carry her over the rough and sometimes slippery road, and never seemed way so long, so lonely.

The woods and lanes seemed peopled with terrors, the few rude farm-houses she passed, set far back from the road, looked like spectres of homes seen through the dim, uncertain light. Now and then a heavy cloud drifted over and the rain would come pattering down till she was quite drenched with her frequent wettings. She untied her hood to let the breeze cool her warm cheeks, and as she rode under a tree a swaying limb caught and flung it to the ground, and she dared not dismount to find it. Then a rough brier caught her skirt, tearing away a large piece of it as her horse bounded onward, and causing her to cry out in terror ere

she realized what it was. Once the moon came out through a rift in the clouds, a stray beam lighting up the silvery, upturned under-side of a grape-leaf, causing it to gleam so whitely that she could think of nothing but a dreaded White Cap, but a second look showed her the innocent nature of the object of her fright.

"How silly I am to get so frightened at nothing. I will not be so foolish again. You're not such a coward, are you, Chestnut? for you never scare at anything. I'm going to be brave, too, now," speaking aloud and stroking the horse's silky mane. But the next moment her frightened little heart fluttered almost into her throat as a great owl screamed out right over her head, and little wonder, for a stouter heart might have started at sound of such a wild, piercing, almost human cry. Then a bat went flying by, almost brushing her cheek with its clammy, outstretched wing, and she shrank and shivered, though she knew it to be a harmless thing.

Once she became uncertain of her way and rode back nearly half a mile ere assured again that she was right. To make up for this delay she urged the horse to his utmost and was soon nearing the end of her journey of terrors. A little farther on was a stream to cross, then a bit of woods to pass through, after that a short stretch between open fields dotted with neat farm-houses, and the town would be reached.

On nearing the stream, what was her dismay to find what was usually not more than a shallow, silvery brook now swollen to a deep, muddy torrent. She knew the showers of the evening could not have swollen it so, and was surprised as well as dismayed, till second thought assured her that there must have been heavier rains farther up the stream.

As she stopped to view the situation for a moment, hope forsook her, and courage, almost.

Must she retrace again alone the fearful journey she had come only to see her

aged grandfather dragged forth to meet a painful and ignominious fate, which, to her proud young spirit, seemed worse than death?

Oh! for help in this hour of need! But no help was near.

Even had she not feared to trust her mission with a stranger, it was four miles back to the nearest habitation.

She must go on. At all hazard she must attempt to cross the stream.

"I venture my life for your safety, and the honor of your gray hairs, grandfather. I cannot do more, and I will not do less," murmured the brave girl, as she urged her horse to the brink of the stream, and nerved herself for the peril before her.

The animal drew back and began pawing the earth to manifest his unwillingness to enter the water, but a few encouraging words and caresses reassured him, and he moved obediently forward.

He was soon carried off his feet, and his rider perceived that, though swimming forward, he was drifting downward with the current. Just then the moon shone forth, enabling her to mark where the road met the stream on the opposite bank, and by reining the horse well up-stream again she reached the place in safety.

Her heart went up in thankfulness as the faithful creature struck out once more on firm ground, and soon the lights of the town gleamed brightly in the distance, and never was light greeted with greater fullness of joy. Every shining point seemed, to her strained nerves, a beacon of salvation.

On being conducted to the sheriff's house, she found that he was preparing to retire for the night, it being then past ten o'clock. At first he was inclined to fear that some trap was being laid for him, the White Caps having frequently threatened him because of his efforts to discover and bring them to justice, but when he saw the messenger, a slight young girl, pale and trembling from the effects of fright and fatigue, her garments torn and wet

and stained with mud, her bare head with the pretty hair clustering in little damp rings on her smooth white brow and falling in disheveled waves about her shoulders, he doubted not a word of all she had to tell him.

He ordered warm food and drink for her, but it was little she could swallow, though, excepting a few wild strawberries, she had tasted nothing since noon.

In an incredibly short time the sheriff was ready, with twenty well-armed men, to accompany her home.

"Now, my little heroine, lead on and show us the way," said he, as he lifted her in his strong arms and swung her lightly into the saddle, then mounted his own horse beside her, while his men, well mounted, stood ready to follow.

Though still troubled with fears for her grandfather, and shuddering at what might be his fate should his rescuers be too late, how different to Keturah seemed her ride homeward from the lonely one that had preceded it! All the frightful things that had seemed lying in ambush ready to waylay her had vanished quite out of her imagination, and she secretly chided herself for what she now regarded as cowardly fears; but the men kept praising her bravery, their admiration for her increasing as they crossed the swollen stream and traversed the long and lonely road by which she had come. They declared her a heroine worthy a place in history.

As they neared her grandfather's, they slackened pace and two of the men dismounted to reconnoiter.

They soon returned with the intelligence that the White Caps were preparing to force the door, which was barricaded on the inside. As nearly as the men could make out they were fifteen in number, armed only with whips and clubs, but it was supposed, and correctly, too, that they had revolvers on their persons.

"So we outnumber them by six," said

the sheriff. "Caution, now, my boys, and the game is ours."

He then arranged his men so as to surround the front of the house, bidding them advance noiselessly till at a given signal, which was to be a shot fired from his pistol, every man was to shout the word surrender, at the same time presenting his gun.

All had moved so silently that when the word ran round the circle it was a complete surprise to the White Caps, and for the moment they seemed stupefied, and stood with limp hands hanging at their sides, their eyes fixed on the muzzles of the guns that surrounded them.

"You murderous villains, you are covered by the guns of twenty as good shots as ever pulled trigger, and the first man that attempts escape or resistance is a corpse!" shouted the sheriff.

"Trapped, by all the furies!" said the leader of the band, a tall, powerful fellow.

"We're played, boys, and it's no use kickin'. Better surrender now with hopes of escapin' later, so come on with your bracelets, for I see you've got em."

His men seemed to share his opinion, surrendering without a word, and soon there was a snapping of hand-cuffs that ceased not till each villain was supplied with a pair.

All this time those within knew not what was taking place without, till Keturah, leaning on the sheriff's arm for support, bade her grandfather admit them; for now that the need for exertion was over, her strained nerves gave way and she was so shaken that she could scarcely stand alone.

It would be impossible to describe the joy of her grandparents on beholding their beloved child returned in safety, which joy was the more increased by the successful issue of her undertaking.

Three of the villains escaped before the day of trial, but they fled the country. The rest were sentenced to longer or shorter terms of imprisonment, as their respective

ages and other attending circumstances seemed to increase or mitigate the sum of their offenses, and so the country was rid of as much dreaded a band of ruffians as ever infested a civilized community.

The name of Keturah Brown became a household treasure in many homes, and a few weeks after the event above nar-

rated, the sheriff presented her with a beautiful gold watch and chain and five hundred dollars in cash. The watch and chain were from himself, the cash from the citizens of the county, as a token of their appreciation of her heroism, and gratitude for the service she had rendered.

MRS. HARRIET A. CHUTE.

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN. Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth may procure, and yet, if she lack a low, sweet voice she can never be really fascinating.

How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy, as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates a genuine refinement. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful temper and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber, and around the dying bed; with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul!

WOMAN'S HOME DUTIES. The man who considers that the home duties of a woman are inferior to the political work of a man must be either a bachelor or blind. The very highest qualities of the heart and intellect may be exercised by a mother, sister, or an elder daughter, in watching over the physical, mental, and moral growth of the children in her care. Heroic patience and vigilance that never tires, an adaptation of means to the end, a careful study of individual traits, a keen psychological insight may find ample room for exercise within the four walls of even a humble home.

CHILDREN may be spoiled in numerous ways—by never contradicting or correcting them, by always indulging or giving way to them, by excessive praise, by injudicious comparisons, and last, but not least, by setting them a bad example. An only child, whether son or daughter, is always in danger of being spoiled; and the mischief is soon done. Many men and women who turn out thoroughly selfish were meant by nature to be generous, warm-hearted, and self-denying.

SOME people seem to think that life is intended to be a perpetual holiday; and, when they have played themselves into sickness by self-indulgence and all sorts of willful, reckless behavior, they cry or complain because they must suffer the consequences.

A CUP OF TEA.

"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And when the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

SUCH, in Cowper's time, was the evening's social cup of tea. Nowadays, the tea drinker may revel in that classic beverage at almost any hour during the twenty-four.

No other beverage is as popular, or has such costly accessories, including treasures of the Renaissance, Japanese monsters, and, above all, the æsthetic tea-gown. And what a host of associations are summoned up by a cup of Oolong or Young Hyson—all that is best in the social life of two centuries in England or in this country, either! Much more precious than the fragrant draught itself are the memories that cluster around a cup of tea.

Tea comes to us with a whiff of the Orient, not of the odors of Araby but of Cathay. The original discoverer of its "cheering" properties was an almond-eyed Celestial, and, to-day, tea is the common drink of all classes in the Chinese empire. Various writers have made conjectures with respect to the time and the manner of the discovery of the properties and uses of the tea plant; but, as with most questions respecting the social history of China, all is vague and unsatisfactory. References to tea as a beverage are found both in the pages of Confucius and Mencius, the oldest of Chinese authors. According to the legend, the Empress Noon-tee, wife of an early emperor, Chin-nung, was the first woman who made a cup of tea, some two thousand two hundred years B. C.

Tea was little known in Europe until the middle of the seventeenth century. The first mention of tea, or, as it was then called, *tay*, as an article of British commerce, occurs in a letter written by a Mr. Wickham, on the 27th of June, 1615, which appears in the records of the East India Company. Shortly after that date small parcels of tea valued at ten pounds sterling per pound, were imported from China to the East Indies, whence they made their way to London as presents to some of its wealthy citizens.

The first large consignment of tea was received in 1657, by Mr. Thomas Garway, a London merchant, and with it he opened "a stand," known in our times as "Garraway's Coffee-House," for the sale, not of coffee, but of tea.

In 1661, Mr. Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the British Admiralty, speaks in his interesting diary of "tea a (China drink) of which," he says, "I had never drank before." Three years later the Dutch East India Company presented two pounds and two ounces to the King of England, Charles II, as a rare and valuable offering; and, in 1667, this company, by the importation of one hundred pounds, commenced a traffic that has grown to the magnitude of over two hundred millions of pounds for home consumption in the United Kingdom. The tea imported into the United States for the year ending June, 1885, amounted to seventy-two million pounds.

The use of tea, as a beverage was, for a long time, strenuously resisted in Europe, on the ground of its alleged deleterious influence on the human constitution. Many diseases were declared to be aggravated, if not superinduced, by it, and manifold evils were predicted from the

importation. This should not be a matter of surprise, since, like many other luxuries, and especially vegetable narcotics, tea is repulsive to the natural appetite, and its effects, when used in excess, are very powerful, and, it may be, hurtful to an organization not habituated to its use.

It is now generally conceded, however, throughout the civilized world, not only that tea is far less pernicious and offensive than any of the various excitants or stimulants it has displaced, and that it has proved a positive benefit to the world, with as few evidences of injury from its abuse as exist in relation to any article of luxury or of food with which we are acquainted. The chemical principle characteristic of tea, coffee, and cocoa has been found one and the same, and has been called indifferently theine and caffeine.

We know of nothing else that has exercised so powerful a social influence as "ye cup of tea." I wonder if the reader has ever observed, in the pages of the society novel, how often this beverage is introduced? The table is presided over by one of the belles, and the cup handed round by favored beaux. Mrs. Stowe, as you will recollect, opens her story of the *Minister's Wooing* with Mrs. Scudder's tea-party. As to the woe-worn heroines of sensational fiction, it appears to be their sole support. Similarly, in the Russian stories, that inevitable *samovar* is an indispensable article, morn, noon, and night.

Fortunately these diverse cups of tea were unknown to Cowper, or that tedious *Task* might have been yet longer. But nothing was so fashionable during the latter days of the eighteenth century as tea-drinking assembles. We get many a picture of those tea-parties in the literature of that age, and we can see the pompous gentlemen in their snuff-colored suits, long waistcoats, silk stockings, ruffles and queues, and their no less stately

dames in stiff brocades and hoops and pomatumed head-dresses, crowding each other in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Montagu at Portman Square, and sipping the fragrant fluid from her precious china-ware, and can we not hear the elephantine talk and hoarse laughter of the ponderous Dr. Johnson as he drank his tea, sometimes eight or ten cups, at Mrs. Thrale's assemblies at Streatham House?

The tea-plant belongs to the natural order *Terns tromiaclee*. It is an ever-green shrub which grows to a height of from three to six feet, and even higher if in a wild state. The stem is bushy, with numerous and very leafy branches; the leaves are alternate, large, elliptical, obtusely serrated veined, and placed on short channeled foot-stalks. In cultivation the young plants are not ready for picking till they are three years old. Only the tender shoots, with leaf-buds and expanding leaves are gathered for tea-manufacture, and the younger the leaf-bud the better the quality of the tea.

According to Chinese accounts, there are four gatherings of leaves in the year. The first is made early in April, when the young leaf-buds are just unfolding, and these, covered below with fine, silky hairs, are taken for making Pekoe or Young Hyson. The second gathering takes place about the beginning of May, another in July, and the fourth in August or September. On each succeeding occasion the product is less fragrant and valuable, and the final gathering is said to consist of large leaves of little value.

Tea is cured by being exposed to the sun and air on circular trays and treated as hay, during which an incipient fermentation is supposed to take place in conjunction with a volatile oil. The leaves are then dried in iron vessels over a charcoal fire. To keep them from burning, they are stirred constantly.

When properly roasted, the leaves are placed in a basket and curled and rubbed by hand. They are then roasted a second

time. After this they are spread upon a table and carefully assorted, all imperfect leaves being placed by themselves. Finally the best leaves are rolled separately; and the tea-grower has his most expensive teas ready for the market.

The color of genuine green tea is en-

tirely due to the rapid drying of the fresh leaves, which prevents the chlorophyll from undergoing any alteration. Most of the green tea sent out from China is artificially colored, principally with a powdered mixture of gypsum and Prussian blue.

H. MARIA GEORGE.

BABY'S FEET.

TWO little feet so small that both may nestle
 In one caressing hand,
 Two tender feet upon the untried border
 Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft and pink as peach-tree blossoms
 In April's fragrant days;
 How can they walk among the briery tangle
 Edging the world's rough ways?

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
 Must bear a woman's load;
 Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden
 And walks the hardest road.

Love for awhile will make the path before them
 All dainty, smooth, and fair—
 Will cull away the bramble, letting only
 The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
 Away from the sight of men,
 And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
 Who shall direct them then?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
 Of sorrow's tearful shades,
 Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
 Whose sunlight never fades?

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
 Fair face and gentle-eyed,
 Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
 Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
 We crave all blessings sweet,
 And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
 Will guide the baby's feet.

FLORENCE PEROT.

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A MAN'S SIDE OF THE BATTLE.

BY
ISADORE ROGERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER command to halt came clear, sharp, and imperative, and the pursuers slackened their pace, as if the impossibility of the escape of the fugitives made haste unnecessary.

Mr. Bradford glanced searchingly forward, as if measuring the distance with his eye, then said :

"Now, girl, ride for your life. Pay no attention to me, but place yonder cliff between yourself and our pursuers with all possible speed."

"Senor," she said, firmly, "you mean to sacrifice yourself to permit me to escape, but I will not desert you. I can shoot, and we will escape together or die, but we will not surrender."

"You display a noble and heroic spirit, my child, but do as I tell you, and there is a chance for us both. When we reach yonder cliff, I will stop and keep our pursuers at bay, and you must ride with all possible speed to the first settlement, and send men to my relief; will you obey me?"

"Yes, Senor," she answered, excitedly.

"Ride in advance, then, and I will follow."

They started at a rapid gallop, and the pursuers shouted angrily as they saw them riding away, but the sparks flew from the flinty rocks under their horses' feet, and the foam gathered upon the animals' reeking sides, but they reached the cliff in safety.

They paused for a moment, and Mr. Bradford said :

"Give your horse a short breathing spell, and do not exhaust his strength too rapidly. With judicious riding you can easily reach the settlement, and send men

to my relief. I am in no immediate danger, for they will keep at a respectful distance.

"Now, go on," he said, after the lapse of a few moments, "but remember to save your horse's strength for a final effort if necessity requires it."

She started upon a slow, steady gallop, and had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile when the first horseman emerged from a curve in the trail. They could only come in single file, and at the first instant that he came in view, the report of a revolver rang upon the mountain air.

The horse fell on his knees, and the rider skulked back to the shelter of the rocks.

A second came cautiously out, but another shot sent him back to his companions more rapidly than he came.

Sheltering himself behind a huge boulder, Mr. Bradford kept his gaze fixed upon the spot, but the cowards had no desire to expose themselves to further danger, and he watched for some time without seeing any demonstration upon their part.

The fear that they might know of some other path by which they might surround him, or climb upon the mountains above and fire down upon him, gave him a feeling of apprehension, and he determined to risk a race for life.

The horse was somewhat rested, and firing another shot to give the impression that he was still at the spot, he mounted and rode slowly for a little distance, that they might not hear the ring of the hoofs upon the rocky path, but the valley leading down toward the level gazing grounds was near, and he was soon speeding to-

ward it. He was right in the supposition that his pursuers knew of another way, and had he remained there any great length of time they would have placed themselves between him and the girl, who had reached the valley, and was galloping toward a herd of cattle which she saw grazing upon the fertile pasturage.

A white tent visible in the distance revealed the fact that the cowboys were with the herd, and toward this object she directed her course.

"Look, Sam! in the name of all that's beautiful, what does this mean? there's a woman galloping down the valley and swinging her bonnet as if to attract our notice."

In a moment four or five of the daring fellows emerged from the tent, all eager for adventure and ready to welcome any excitement that promised to break the monotony of the day.

"Let's ride out to meet her, and learn what the matter is," said one of the number, and in less than a minute three of them were dashing across the valley to learn the cause of the unusual spectacle.

"What's the matter, gal?" questioned the foremost rider, as he reined his horse within a few feet of the girl, who had paused when she saw them coming.

"The cattle thieves," she gasped. "They pursued us, and he is fighting them now, up among the foot-hills. I come for help. I heard them shooting. Go quickly, if you would save him."

"Ride down to the tent and stay till we get back, and don't be scared. Come on, boys, we'll have a little fun with the scoundrels, and help a man in distress besides," said one of the men, and away they went, dashing up the valley toward the foot-hills with as little fear and as much enjoyment as if they were going out after a herd of buffaloes or a grizzly bear.

"There they come, boys, and the thieves are gaining on him," shouted one of the men as the white man came in sight with the scoundrels in mad pursuit,

and the report of several shots fired in quick succession was borne upon the air.

"We'll put a stop to their fun shortly."

A Winchester rifle, ready for instant use, was strapped upon the side of one of the horses, and in a few moments they had reached the fugitive, and the men quickly loosened the rifle from its fastenings and fired a shot toward the advancing marauders.

One shot was enough. The gun was heavily loaded, and the report seemed to echo through all the valley, and ere the smoke had cleared away the entire party were galloping back to their retreat among the mountains.

"Yer had a narrow escape from the heathenish desperadoes, pard," said one of the men. "But who are ye, and where did ye come from, and how did they come to git after ye?"

"That will involve a long story, my friend, but since I owe my escape to your bravery and kindness, I'll tell you the whole story before I leave you. Where is the girl who sent you to my rescue?"

"Safe, at our camp, and there is a family living just beyond, where she can remain till to-morrow, or longer if you desire it, while you give us the pleasure of your company and your horses a chance to rest," said one of the men, with that true, hearty spirit of hospitality that characterizes this class of our Western people.

"Thank you, friend, your offer will be most gladly accepted, especially as your company means safety and protection as well as rest, of which both ourselves and our horses are very much in need," replied Mr. Bradford, gratefully.

"You're right, partner; a whole regiment of those fellows would not dare to advance before half a dozen of our Winchester rifles, and you may rest with a feeling of perfect security, and the story of your adventure will amply repay us for anything that we can do for you," replied the men, and for the first time since

he had received the warning not to enter the Corydon pass, Mr. Bradford experienced a feeling of safety, for he knew that these brave and daring fellows were equal to five times their number of the cowardly wretches, who would not venture into a contest with equal chances.

They found the girl anxiously awaiting their coming near a place called "The Dripping Spring."

This spot has been described to me by one who has visited it, and it may be an object of interest to some of our readers. The land around it is level, with the exception of that gradual eastern slope which characterizes the plains in the vicinity of the foot-hills, and the traveler suddenly finds himself upon the brink of an abyss. The ground seems to open at his feet, but after a little search a path may be found which leads to the bottom of the chasm, and presents a view of that remarkable freak of nature called the dripping spring.

There is a concave hollow in the solid rock, resembling a huge wooden bowl set up on edge. It is about forty feet in diameter, and extends into the earth to the distance of thirty feet, and from overhead the water constantly falls in drops, and collects in a pool of clear, cold water from which issues a stream where the herdsmen's flock and the mountain elk refresh themselves at will.

Here the tents were pitched, and the hearty Western fellows dispensed hospitality to any traveler who might chance to pass that way and was willing to tell them news of any kind in exchange.

They sent the girl to the residence of the family previously mentioned, then announced their readiness to listen to the story of Mr. Bradford's adventures.

"Why, Dick! the man's clean played out. Don't you see that he's pale as a ghost and thin as a shad? Let him rest till I cook a pound or two of beefsteak, and make some good strong coffee, and then he can give us the story in good

shape!" said one of the men, considerably, and Mr. Bradford was very thankful for the timely suggestion, which was acted upon with their customary promptness.

"And you're the very man that we've read about in the Denver papers! The very chap that neither police nor detectives could get any trace of!" they exclaimed, crowding around him in excited wonder when he had finished his story.

"I did not know that any one had even tried to find me," replied Mr. Bradford, becoming interested at learning that he had not been wholly forgotten.

"They did; they hunted high and low for you, but there's thousands of places among the cañons where a man might be thrown and no power on earth could ever find him or even reach the depths if they knew the very spot, but you are safe with us. None of these marauding gangs will dare to molest us. They know that we would sweep down upon them like a cyclone and wreak vengeance on every mother's son of them, and two of us will go with you and see that you are well out of their reach before we leave you."

On the following morning they resumed their journey under the escort of two of the trusty fellows armed with Winchester rifles, and finally reached Denver without further adventure.

The first thing to be done was to provide the girl with suitable clothing, for the short, outgrown dress was scarcely presentable, even to go to the table at the hotel to which he took her. But when, a few hours later, she stepped from an inner room in a dressmaker's establishment, clad in a neat gray traveling dress, with her luxuriant hair fashionably and becomingly arranged, and hat and gloves corresponding with the rest of her attire, the transformation of the chrysalis to a butterfly could scarcely have been more complete.

A look of surprise passed over the features of the man who had constituted himself her guardian, and he said, "My wife

will be pleased with your appearance now, I know, and for her sake as well as your own I want you to look well."

"I hope she will like me," said the girl, thoughtfully, "and your little daughter, too; how I long to see the child, and the woman who, you say, will take the place of my long lost mother."

"You shall never be friendless nor homeless again, my child. You have nobly earned a right to both friends and home, and gratitude, if nothing else, will, I think, cause my wife to receive you as her own. But you will love our winsome little Eva, I am sure of that, but I want you to like my wife and try to please her, for much of your own happiness will depend upon her. Remember that I want you to treat her in such a manner that she cannot help liking you. You have proved yourself to be possessed of a noble and heroic spirit, but circumstances may never again call for heroic daring upon your part, at least I hope that I shall be able to shield you from every danger hereafter, but there is a heroism in everyday-life that will lead you to that grand and exalted womanhood that makes your sex a blessing to the world, and the light and glory of home. If I can surround you with influences which will help you to attain the most exalted type of womanhood, I shall feel that even the anguish of the last few weeks has not been in vain. Do you understand me?"

An expression of womanly intelligence beyond her years beamed from her features as she answered, "I think so, Senor. You mean that I may never again be called upon to scale the mountain heights, or peril my life to rescue that of a fellow-being, yet, there may be circumstances unknown to any living being save myself which will require a heroism greater than that which impelled me to dare the cañon's dizzy height, or the torrent's awful roar to meet with that exalted womanhood to which you would have me aspire."

"Wonderful child, you have not only

fathomed my meaning, but you have gone beyond me, and, now, if Geraldine will lend a woman's aid in perfecting and developing this rare germ of womanhood, she can, in future years, have the satisfaction of beholding a 'gem of purest ray,' which her own hand has helped to polish in the sheltering walls of her own home. Oh! that blessed home! Shall I, indeed, enter its sacred realm again, to be welcomed back by wife and child, after all these weeks of harrowing anguish?" he said, speaking more to himself than to the girl who stood attentively regarding him.

"My dear madam, it seems cruel to speak the words, but the truth can no longer be withheld from you."

Mr. Hannibal Wellington was seated in Mr. Bradford's elegantly furnished parlor, taking a mental estimate of the probable cost of the luxuriant surroundings, and their value, supposing that a corresponding elegance extended through the entire establishment, while Mrs. Bradford occupied a seat at a short distance from him. There was a careworn and anxious expression upon her features which deepened to positive terror whenever the subject of her husband's mysterious disappearance was mentioned.

"Then you think there is no possible doubt but that he was—"

Mrs. Bradford's face was white with fear, and she could not bring her lips to utter the word murdered.

"Foully dealt with," said Mr. Wellington. "There is no possible doubt; I have exhausted every available means of information. I have visited Denver in person, and superintended the placing of detectives upon the track; I have been among the murderous class to whom this misfortune is undoubtedly due, and exposed myself to dangers that would cause you to shudder, but all to no purpose. The mysterious grave is hiding its own guilty secret, and I have obtained no clue, I have

found no trace, and there being no longer a hope of his restoration, all that remains for you is to accept this dispensation of Providence with womanly fortitude and Christian resignation."

Her face was every moment growing paler, and Mr. Wellington, carefully scanning her features, knew that he must change the subject or she would lose consciousness entirely. There was a few moments of distressing silence, and then Mr. Wellington drew a paper from his pocket-book, saying:

"As a mere matter of form, I have kept an account of the manner in which I have expended the five thousand dollars which you placed at my disposal to assist in the investigation!"

"Oh! I don't care how the money was expended!" she exclaimed, nervously motioning him away, as if the very subject contained horror and danger to herself.

"Calm yourself, my dear lady, there is nothing whatever in this paper that should inspire you with a feeling of terror, and although I know that you have neither thought nor care for the money, there may be others who lack your unselfish generosity, and I only ask you to take the paper in your hands and look it over and see that the various sums expended amount to that which you placed at my disposal, so that in case that any evil-minded person should question my motives and my expenditures, you could testify to the fact that I had placed in your hands an itemized account, together with the names of the persons to whom the various sums were paid. It is for my own sake that I ask it," he said, persuasively.

"Surely, no one could be so cruel and ungrateful as ever to harbor a suspicious thought," she said, decisively, but took the paper and glanced over it.

It was an itemized account of various sums paid to prominent members of the police force in Denver, and a few other

persons, together with the date, of each transaction.

"You will see that I have carefully noted down the name and address of each person to whom I paid the money, so that it will be an easy matter to refer to them, if you have any desire to investigate the matter," he said, but he did not mention the little fact that that paper was intended for her eye alone, and not for the inspection of the shrewd business-like men with whom Mr. Bradford was associated.

To the woman with nerves strung to an unnatural tension by the suspense and anxiety which she had endured, it seemed like summing up the funeral expenses after some terrible calamity, and her hand trembled so violently that she could scarcely hold the paper.

"De blessed Lord be praised! Glory hallelujah!"

"Saints in Heaven preserve us!"

"He's rained down from the blissid skies!"

"He's ris from the dead entirely!"

"Bless de Lord, bless de Lord."

"O mamma! mamma!"

There was a commotion in the hall like the "Gathering of the clans," and each new arrival upon the scene gave vent to some outburst of joy and astonishment. Mr. Wellington and Mrs. Bradford both started to their feet, the paper fluttered from her trembling grasp, and was swept under the sofa by a draught of air as the door was opened, and both pressed toward it to learn the cause of the uproar.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE, with little Eva clasped to his bosom, and tears streaming down his wan face, stood Mr. Bradford, surrounded by all the servants of the household, while by his side stood a girlish figure in a gray traveling dress.

The pale features and emaciated form told too plainly of recent suffering, and the haggard appearance almost justified

the impression of the Irish maid that he had "risen from the dead."

"Where is my wife?" he asked.

At that moment she appeared at the doorway, and close beside her came a strange, dark man, whose features paled and eyes dilated with astonishment.

"Geraldine, my wife, do I truly behold you once more?" he asked, pressing through the throng toward her, for she was white as death, and clinging to the doorway for support, while her companion seemed almost as deeply affected as herself. The man seemed petrified with astonishment, and stood staring in terror-stricken bewilderment, unmindful of the fact that Mrs. Bradford was fainting beside him. With the natural inference of a guilty conscience, his first thought was of danger to himself. "From whence came this most unexpected apparition?"

Had the men with whom Mr. Bradford was connected in business employed detectives without his knowledge and unearthed the whole villainous scheme?

Had they impressed mountaineers into the service who were as familiar with each rock and cañon as the Indians who had been born and bred in the fastnesses, and, for ought that he knew, might have chased the bear and the panther into the very cave where the prisoner had been detained? or had they bribed some of the gang, and had Gonzalez been betrayed and captured through the treachery of some of his employees? A thought of the grim satisfaction that the Italian would feel, even in the midst of his own misfortune, to see him sharing the same fate, flashed across his mind, and the thought that officers of the law might even now be lying in wait for him, filled him with consternation and distracting apprehension. Mrs. Bradford fell fainting at his feet, but it was her husband's arms that raised her, and in the general confusion Mr. Wellington left the house unobserved and concealed himself in the luxuriant shrubbery of the

premises to gain time to think and to decide what it were best to do.

"Speak to me, Geraldine! I need the assuring sound of your voice to convince me that this is no illusive dream of home, such as has mocked me so many times before," he said, imploringly, as the wife slowly unclosed her eyes and looked into his face with a bewildered and mystified expression.

"'Tis no illusion, then, you really have come, and were *not* murdered among the dread cañons of that awful region?" she said, looking at him as if she could scarcely credit the evidence of her own senses.

"No, Geraldine, I was *not* murdered, although for weeks I was hourly expecting such a fate, and, no doubt, sooner or later, it would have overtaken me had it not been for this child, who twice rescued me from deadly peril, and whom I have brought home with me, with the request that you will receive her as our adopted daughter and a companion for our child, and I know you will when you have heard the story of her heroic conduct," he said, beckoning the girl to approach.

"You are quite welcome, my child," said Mrs. Bradford, looking at her wonderingly. "O Eben! you know not what I have suffered. My dreams have been haunted by visions of horror and bloodshed, and the conviction that you had been cruelly murdered has been actually forced upon me. Tell me where you have been all this time and what detained you. You have been ill; your haggard appearance tells me that; but why did we not hear from you?"

"It is a long story, Geraldine; wait until you have recovered your composure, and we are somewhat rested, and I will tell you all," he answered, and in fact, he needed rest and composure as much as she.

But at length the story was told, and the entire household overwhelmed with wonder and astonishment and admiration

for the girl who had come to make her home among them.

"Who was that strange gentleman who was with you when I came?" he asked, at length, as his mind reverted to the scene occasioned by his arrival.

"Oh! I had forgotten to mention him. He must have retired during my state of unconsciousness without giving me an opportunity to present him to you. You must surely become acquainted, for he has been most active in your behalf, and I am sure I never could have survived the trying ordeal had it not been for his aid and counsel," she said, earnestly.

"But you have not told me his name," said the husband.

"Hannibal Wellington," she replied, "and he has been all the way to Denver, and personally superintended the work of employing detectives to search for you."

"It was certainly kind, but I should have been less surprised to learn that one or the other of my partners had gone upon the errand. It is more than we had any right to expect of a stranger," he answered.

"One of the members of the firm did go, but Mr. Wellington had a better knowledge of that part of the country than any one residing here, having traveled to quite an extent in that region, and having some interests in the mining business in the vicinity of Denver, and he thought that he might render the search more efficient by giving it personal supervision."

"It was very kind in one who had never even met me, but no doubt sympathy for my family impelled him to take such an active part in the proceedings, but, whatever it was, I am grateful. No living person can realize what a blessing liberty is, without having been deprived of it. Why, Geraldine, I cannot bear to see the canary in the cage. Every form of restraint reminds me so forcibly of that cruel confinement, rendered more tor-

turing by thoughts of the anxiety at home."

"How it makes me shudder to think of the dreadful scenes through which you have passed, of the narrow escape from violence and bloodshed, which it seems will never cease to thrill every fibre of my being with horror as I contemplate it," she said, with a sensation of fear pervading her very soul.

"Let us banish it from our thoughts, if we can, and contemplate the pleasant picture which our home presents, and try to forget the terrible scenes which haunt me still. I hope you will like our adopted daughter, and make her forget in your motherly care the fact that both her parents have passed to the brighter shore, leaving her without a protector to shield her from the wickedness of the world," he said, glancing toward the girl, who sat gazing in dreamy bewilderment upon her strange surroundings.

"I should be very ungrateful to do otherwise, and will try to make her happy in our home," she answered, looking at the girl with an approving smile.

While the family were enjoying their reunion, Mr. Wellington kept a nervous watch upon the house until at length, after a lapse of time which seemed to him an age, he saw the coachman emerge from it, and take his way toward the stable.

Leaving his place of concealment he followed the man, and overtaking him at a short distance from the house, accosted him with the question: "Has your mistress recovered from the serious results of her agitation?"

"Recovered, is it?" asked Mike, rolling up his eyes in astonishment at the question. "We haint none of us recovered. Ye wouldn't have recovered, yerself, if you'd a' heard it, *Oh! Oh! Oh!* We need all the blissid saints in Heaven to protect us afther hearin' of it," and Mike stood gazing upon his questioner, with an attitude and expression intended to impress the gentleman with a full understanding

of the importance of the knowledge that he possessed.

"What was the matter; where has he been; and by whom was he detained?" asked Mr. Wellington, anxiously.

Mike liked to be the first to tell a story, and here was an opportunity that did not occur more than once in a lifetime. "I'll tell yez all about it," he said, deliberately proceeding to light his pipe.

"Well, how was it?" asked the gentleman, in apprehensive impatience, for he was most anxious to be gone should developments require it.

"It's quite a story, and oh! the awfulness of it," said Mike, between leisurely whiffs from the pipe, as if the news was altogether too important to be told all at once.

"What happened to him?" asked Mr. Wellington, with increasing nervousness.

"Mike glanced toward the house as if expecting some one, and the gentleman said:

"If you were on the way to your work I will go with you, and you can attend to that and tell the story at the same time."

"All right, sir, come along," said the man, walking away in a slow and deliberate manner, as if the occasion was altogether too important to admit of the least haste.

"Well, how was it?" asked the gentleman, impatiently.

"I'll tell yez all about it," said Mike, pausing to take a few more vigorous puffs from his pipe, then to extinguish it and put it in his pocket before entering the stable.

"Why don't you begin, then?" asked Mr. Wellington, losing his temper at the long delay.

"By the powers, mon, the world wasn't made in a minit, an' a gentleman of leisure like yerself has no need to be in a hurry; sit down on that box there, an' make yerself continted, an' I'll tell ye the hull thing," said the Irishman, pompously.

Mr. Wellington glanced around the building to see if there was any other place of egress in case that he should desire to leave the building hastily, then took a seat as desired, and endeavored to wait patiently for the developments which he thought the Irishman could give, if he ever got ready.

"Ye see," said Mike, settling himself into a comfortable position, and speaking with a deliberation which implied that it was no matter if it took a week, "ye see, along about two months ago, Misther Bradford took a notion to go away out beyant the Mississippi, a divil of a ways, to start a new branch of the bizness. I don't think he calculated to go as far as Australia, for though I've niver bin there meself, I've seen them as has in the ould counthry, an' they say it's fit fur nothin' but sheep grazin' an' the like, with danger o' bein' carried off by kangaroos."

"Well, well! Who cares for Australia and kangaroos! I want to know what detained Mr. Bradford, or, rather, what brought him home," interrupted Mr. Wellington, petulantly.

"That's jist what I'm thryin' to tell yez, but it seems as ye are determined niver to let me get through with my story," said the Irishman.

"Tell it, then. Where has he been?"

"I tould ye once that he wint away out a divil of a ways beyant the Mississippi," said the Irishman, petulantly.

"I know that, but what else?" asked the gentleman, losing his temper at what he considered the man's perverseness.

"If ye know more about it than I do, tell it yerself," retorted Mike.

"Of course, my friend, I know nothing about it; excuse my seeming impatience, but I am so anxious to know how the poor gentleman escaped, and if Mrs. Bradford is better, and if he has any clue by which he can trace the villains and bring them to justice. He has suffered so much, as you can see by his haggard appearance,

that I am anxious to hear all about it, and to see if I can be of any assistance in bringing the villains to the punishment which they deserve," said Mr. Wellington, persuasively.

"I can't tell a sthory by beginnin' at the last end of it, any more than I can hitch the hosses to the carriage before the harness is on, and, be jabers, I wont try," said the Irishman, sullenly.

"Tell it in your own way, take your own time, I'm thankful for the story in any shape," said the gentleman, with an air of resignation.

"Then settle yerself down into the appearance of a respectful listener, an' don't kape interruptin' me wid nonsensical questions, an' I'll begin," said the Irishman, and Mr. Wellington was obliged to listen for an hour, before he obtained the information which he was so anxious to elicit.

"And so the girl was the sole agent in effecting his escape," he said, with a deep inspiration of relief.

"The only one, may the blissed saints forever presarve her!" said the Irishman, fervently.

Reassured by the coachman's story, Mr. Wellington concluded to call and congratulate the family, and apologize for his abrupt departure, upon the grounds that the presence even of one so solicitous for the welfare of the family as himself could not fail to be an intrusion, and that he had returned as soon as a proper consideration for the privacy of the family, upon which no third person had a right to intrude, would permit.

Mrs. Bradford was lavish in her praises of his disinterested exertions, but Mr. Bradford found himself unable to ascribe purely disinterested motives to his unusual activity in the matter, although he was not of a suspicious nature.

On the day after his return, a servant handed him the paper which had fallen from Mrs. Bradford's hand in the first shock of her husband's return, supposing

that it was something belonging to him.

"He has kept a strict account, at any rate," he said, and placed the paper in his memorandum book.

After leaving the residence of Mr. Bradford, Mr. Wellington returned to his hotel, and wrote to his partner as follows:

"A pretty mess you have made of our transaction, to be sure. You told me that you had the man as safe as if he were sleeping in his grave, and I returned with a feeling of perfect security, and faith in the success of our plans, and was just explaining to his wife the utter uselessness of cherishing a hope of his return, when who should step in, and throw the household into a state of uproar, but the man himself, accompanied by the very bird that you thought you had so safely caged! Imagine my feelings at that moment! I knew not that you might have been betrayed and already under arrest, and I almost expected to see an officer at the door to prevent my egress, but after a most exasperating delay, I obtained the information that all our plans had been scattered to the winds through no other agency than that of the girl whom your carelessness permitted to work so much mischief to us both. I have one consolation in my disappointment, however, your bird has flown also.

"It seems that this was a matter of importance to you, and I write not only to acquaint you with the state of affairs, but to learn what it will be worth to you to have her restored to your protection. It will be a dangerous undertaking, but upon the principle that 'murder will out,' it may be equally dangerous to let matters take their natural course. It will be expensive, without doubt, for such is Mr. Bradford's overwhelming sense of gratitude that he would scour the continent from Alaska to Patagonia if she should mysteriously disappear. Write immediately and inform me what

measures you propose to adopt in view of the present circumstances."

The Italian was almost frantic with rage on receipt of this letter. He had learned of the disappearance of the girl, but fearing his wrath, his employees had concealed from him the fact that the man was gone also, and he had expected to find her no farther away than hidden in some of the cañons, where he surmised that she had gone on account of some misunderstanding with old Marguerite.

"He shall not extort money from me, I will do my own work when the proper time arrives," he said, savagely, as he threw the letter into the fire, as if to destroy even the recollection of his disappointment.

Mrs. Bradford's nervousness soon wore away. Nothing can change a person's nature, and she saw in the romantic incidents of her husband's experience, an opportunity for creating a great sensation, and with the presence of the girl whose heroism would engage the attention of every one to whom it should be related to give *eclat* to the occasion. She could not forego the pleasure of celebrating her husband's return by giving a grand entertainment, so before the newly-arrived had scarcely recovered from the fatigue of their journey with its wearying excitement, the preparations began. It was a part of her programme to have Mr. Bradford present the girl to the company, and relate the story of the perils through which he had passed, and the intrepid bravery of the girl in connection with the thrilling events.

It was, indeed, a most auspicious occasion, and Mrs. Bradford made the most of it. With her faultless taste in matters of dress, she attended carefully to Leonora's toilet, and no lovelier picture could have been presented to the admiring gaze of the assembly than that of the timid young girl standing beside her friend and guardian, her face flushed with embarrassment at her strange position, and nothing

in her demeanor to indicate the least pride at the sensation which her story created. The house was filled with prominent people from all parts of the city, and a most attentive audience listened to the recital of their adventures, and at the close of the story an enthusiastic burst of applause filled the heart of the hostess with satisfaction and delight.

Prominent among the guests was Mr. Wellington. Mrs. Bradford took it upon herself to lionize him on account of his disinterested labors in the search for Mr. Bradford, and she kept saying to herself, "If I only *dared* to reveal the fact that he is an English nobleman in disguise, my triumph would be complete, for *never* has there been such a brilliant and aristocratic assembly at any other reception given in the city."

But the questionable manner in which she had obtained this information prevented her from proclaiming it.

Mr. Wellington had just received a letter from Gonzalez informing him that his services would not at present be required in any part of the Italian's business, and piqued at the manner in which the subject was expressed, he resolved to transact a little business upon his own account. If he could learn the place of residence of Leonora's aunts, if they were wealthy, as Gonzalez reported, he might extort hush-money from them, and the life that he was living demanded a constant income.

He resolved to gain all possible information from the girl in regard to the property in Denver, which, he felt assured, justly belonged to her, and to learn all that he could in regard to the women who were so dishonorably withholding it from her.

Accordingly he began to bestow polite attentions upon her, and during the evening Mr. Bradford found him sitting by her side, evidently trying to engage her in conversation.

She looked up to her guardian with such an appealing expression that, pitying what he supposed to be her embarrassment in the presence of the stranger, he immediately took her away.

"What is it, my child?" he asked, as soon as they were beyond the hearing of her recent companion.

"I am afraid of that man," she said, in a whisper. "I want to get away from all of these strange faces. Why can't I take little Eva and go to my room and stay there till they are all gone?"

"You may as soon as Mrs. Bradford will give you permission," he answered, "and in the meantime rest assured that no harm can come to you here. No wonder that the startling contrast between this scene and those to which you have been accustomed is painfully embarrassing to you, but your earlier associations have left their influence and enabled you to appear far more creditably than we would have expected. Either myself or Mrs. Bradford will be near you all the time, and you need have no fear." He found a seat for her near where his wife was holding an animated conversation with several ladies, and as soon as he could find her sufficiently disengaged, he said, "Geraldine, the child is frightened by her unusual surroundings. She is almost as wild as the antelope upon her native mountains, and scarcely less at ease. I think we ought to let her retire as soon as your views of propriety will permit, especially as she has expressed a desire to take Eva and escape to the privacy of her own room."

"Poor child; her wish shall be gratified," said Mrs. Bradford, glancing toward her as she sat with her eyes fixed upon them, as if in their presence alone she could find safety, and in a few moments she sat in the quietude of her own apartment with little Eva clasped in her arms, as if in her presence only could the hungry heart find comfort and companionship.

The little one was soon sleeping soundly, but the girl was too much excited and bewildered, and long she sat there, tenderly holding the sleeping child, while the scene of gayety went on in the rooms below. Her love for the winsome little creature was fast becoming a part of her very being. Mrs. Bradford was kind, if not affectionate, and the child responded to the wealth of affection which the foster sister lavished upon her with all the guileless innocence of her baby heart, so that the poor, hungry soul at last found rest and content.

School was the next thing to be considered, and when she was fairly established in one of the educational institutions of the city, with opportunities for gratifying that scholarly ambition which had been so long suppressed, she felt that she had nothing more to desire.

When at home, little Eva was her constant companion, and almost the entire care of the child gradually drifted upon her, greatly to the satisfaction of both parents, for it relieved Mrs. Bradford of all feeling of responsibility amid the gay scenes to which she quickly returned, and the father felt that the child was safe, even in the absence of the mother, and knew that it was a labor of love, not induced by any expected compensation, and that she would sacrifice her very life for the child should circumstances require it.

She made rapid progress in all her studies, especially in music, in which her soul delighted.

She came to Mr. Bradford as to an indulgent parent for congratulation in all her successes, as well as for sympathy in her disappointments, for although Mrs. Bradford was kind enough in her way, she took no interest in school-girl affairs.

"For what purpose are you educating yourself, my child?" Mr. Bradford asked, one evening when she requested his assistance in the solution of a difficult problem.

She looked at him with a questioning expression for a moment, then answered: "I learn these things because I want to know them—because they belong to my education and I want to be an educated woman."

"But *why* do you desire to become an educated woman?" he persisted.

"I want to stand among the good and noble women of our land, and there is no room for ignorance there," she answered, thoughtfully.

"You are right, my child," he said, approvingly. "You are engaged in building one of the grandest and noblest edifices this side of the heavenly realms. I mean a true, womanly character," he said, earnestly. "And in order that this edifice may be all that the great Author of your being desires it to be, it must rest upon a firm foundation. Now, let me ask upon what basis you intend to build."

"I have never thought of that," she answered. "I only thought of acquiring all the useful knowledge which your kindness has placed within my reach, and escaping from that bondage of ignorance from which you have rescued me. I try to thoroughly master every branch before passing on to another, and when I see other girls slyly looking into their books during examinations it seems to me that I should feel as if I had suffered a loss, if I passed to a higher class without being thoroughly qualified to do so, or, rather, as if I had missed an opportunity of acquiring this particular knowledge, and must forever be mentally poorer for having deceived my teacher."

"Well spoken, my child," he answered, approvingly. "I am glad to see that you are naturally truthful, and possessed of honest principles. There is nothing nobler under the starlit canopy of heaven than a true womanly character, and without the sublime element of truth, this exalted principle can never be attained. Your mind is like a rare and beautiful jewel, the different phases of which you

are polishing into increasing radiance by every lesson you learn. Your mental being is expanding day by day, receiving new powers by which the light of your intellect beams with an ever-increasing lustre; but if this jewel were encased in a setting of deceit, even the light of its own radiance would reveal its unworthiness, and throw a repulsive shadow over its greatest brilliancy, but if this rare gem is so encircled by golden truth, every new light will reflect an added lustre that nothing on earth can dim or tarnish, and you will become that greatest of earthly treasures, a good and noble woman, commanding the respect and admiration of every other true character, and reflecting honor upon all connected with you. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Senor," she answered, with an expression of thoughtful intelligence far beyond her years, and he continued:

"This character I want you to attain for your own sake, that your aspirations for something higher and better, something above and beyond the follies and vanities of ordinary life may be gratified, that you may be worthy to stand among America's good and noble women, a peer among them all."

"You desire so much for me, Senor," she said, gratefully; "I fear that I can never make myself worthy, but there is something that you have left unsaid. I want to be equal to some good and noble work; something that will extend beyond the ennoblement of mere self, and be a help and blessing to my fellow-beings."

"Well spoken again, my child," he said, approvingly; "but all unconsciously to yourself, perhaps, this work is already begun, right here in our household, and undoubtedly extending far beyond. The influence of your example is already being reflected upon one whom you can exalt or contaminate. I mean my own little Eva. The child lives in your presence. Your kindness and affectionate treatment of her have completely won

her confidence, and she looks upon you as the living model by which to guide her actions, and if she never sees aught of deceit or untruthfulness in you, your example will help to inspire in her infant mind that reverence for truth which is the foundation of every noble character. This I ask for her sake; will you help me to impress upon her pure mind this great virtue by the influence of an ever truthful example?"

"I will, Senor," she answered, fervently. "*Never* shall the mind of that sweet child be poisoned by any unworthy example of mine."

"The influence which you exert, not only in our own household, but among your schoolmates, and all your other associates, is a part of the work of your lifetime, and if good, extends toward that great and noble work which is not to end in the narrow limits of selfish ambitions, but remember that I do not expect perfection; that is beyond the attainment of any finite mind; you will sometimes make mistakes or be guilty of errors, but when you do, if, instead of trying to conceal them, you will come to me, I will not chide you, but show you how to rectify mistakes, or, if possible, even to profit by them."

"My dress at Mrs. Senator Anderson's reception is more flatteringly described than that of any other lady present!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradford, delightedly, looking up from the evening paper which she had been eagerly perusing during the conversation between her husband and their adopted daughter.

"Of course, the reporter does not say in just so many words that I was the most elegantly dressed lady in all that aristocratic assembly, there were too many envious beauties for him to dare say it plainly, but the space devoted to the description of my toilet implies it," she continued, triumphantly.

"I admire the perfect taste which you possess in matters pertaining to dress,

Geraldine, and I have no doubt that the honor conferred upon you was the result of the man's good judgment upon this subject, but if he had added that your conversation was the most sensible and instructive, I should have felt even more pleased from the fact that your influence upon your associates had been of an elevating character, and I trust it was, for I fully believe in your ability to be useful as well as ornamental," replied the husband.

"I attend these places of entertainment, not for the purpose of making myself particularly beneficial to the public in general, but for my own enjoyment, and I exert myself to be attractive and entertaining, chiefly because my own social position in a measure depends upon it. These qualities, supported by your well-known position in financial circles, gives me entrance into the best society, and since you take so little interest in such matters, I shall try to be equal to the duties of both, especially since my success," she answered, decisively, "is so marked."

"Why, Geraldine, I have not entirely withdrawn from society; I devote as much of my time to its requirements as I think duty demands, and a strict regard for the welfare of my own family will permit," he answered, quietly, "although I must confess that I find more real enjoyment in an evening like this, among the members of my own household, than anywhere else in the world," he added, thoughtfully.

"You have such peculiar views," said the wife, indifferently, again glancing over the description of her recent triumph; then, turning to Leonora, she said, "Do you not long for the time when your school-days shall be over, and *you* can become one of the attractive young ladies of society?"

"No, ma'am; I was present at your reception, which, I have no doubt, was equal to any, and I have never desired to attend another," replied the girl, frankly.

"But did you not admire the beautiful dresses, and long to be one of the lovely young ladies who wore them?" persisted the lady.

"No; it seemed to me like a confused sea of faces and dresses and flowers, with one man always hovering near me, whose presence made me afraid, and I felt as if I could only get away from it all, with little Eva to bear me company, I should be so glad; and I sat and held her in my arms, and listened to the bewildering strains of music that came floating up from the spacious rooms, and felt glad and thankful that I was to be a school-girl instead of a society lady."

"Strange, strange girl!" said Mrs. Bradford, looking upon her with a wondering smile. "And yet," she continued, looking approvingly at the lovely face and graceful form, "you have beauty and personal graces that will enable you to create a sensation in the fashionable world some day."

"Geraldine, say rather that she has a mind and characteristics that, properly directed, will some day make her the light and joy of a happy home," said Mr. Bradford, expostulatingly.

"Home, guided and illuminated by a character which has no existence outside of your imagination has always been your hobby, Eben," she answered, indifferently.

"You will like to wear pretty dresses and ribbons and jewels, and create a sensation that will make your mother's heart beat proudly, won't you, dear?" she asked, turning to the little one who sat near her, caressing a doll almost as large as herself.

"How do you make a sensation, mamma?" asked the child, coming to her mother's side with an expression of interest.

"I will teach you when the time comes, my beauty," she said, gazing proudly upon the pretty child, and anticipating the rare loveliness of the flower of which

this winsome bud already revealed the promise.

"You must dress beautifully, and wear those things which will make you look prettier than any one else, and then mamma will be very proud of you," she said, reflecting that ere her own charms had time to fade she could introduce this new attraction as a final triumph over those mothers whose daughters were less promising than her own.

"Geraldine," said the father, expostulatingly, "vanity is as natural to the human heart as weeds are to the soil, and for this reason would it not be well to trust nature to sufficiently develop this quality, while you endeavor to cultivate in the plastic minds intrusted to your care some noble principle that will eventually blossom and beautify the true womanly characters which we hope to see them attain?"

"Home, and beautiful womanly character! there you are again!" said Mrs. Bradford, laughingly.

"But, Geraldine," said the husband, earnestly, "have these words no holy signification to you? Do they not contain a higher meaning than the mere vanities of fashionable existence, which leave no worthy tribute in their wake, and, followed to excess, unfit the mind for the higher duties and obligations of a well-ordered life?"

"What an eccentric man you are, Eben," she said, petulantly. "What would a woman's life be worth should she carry your theories into practice? Only the dull monotony of home; with no greater excitement than the performance of an unvarying routine of domestic duties, until one would weary of existence, and drift entirely out of the social world, or be but a mere cipher among the more significant figures that compose it."

"No, Geraldine, I would not deprive woman of any worthy enjoyment. I would not have her withdraw from the social world, but it does seem to me that home

and its inmates has the strongest claim upon her affections, and that she ought to find her highest and purest enjoyment in the holy work which is connected with it. I can mention at least *one* woman of my acquaintance who fulfills my idea of what I have been trying to explain to you. It is Mrs. J. W. Grimes, of Harper, Kansas. Never did a woman more faithfully fulfill all the duties of a wife and mother. Her own hands attended to the comfort of husband and children in sickness or health, and with the help and encouragement of her equally benevolent husband, her assistance and influence could be always depended upon for the promotion of every good and charitable work. Socially none were better known or more highly esteemed, and she will always be held in affectionate reverence by her husband and children. It is such a character that I mean when I speak of true and exalted womanhood, and I mention this living example to prove that such women *do exist* outside of my imagination. It is for this *one principle* that I contend—that woman's highest, noblest, and holiest work is found within the sanctuary of her own household, perpetuating her own happiness while training the youthful minds intrusted to her care toward the attainment of that life which will be most conducive to their moral and mental good, and therefore promotive of national as well as local happiness. You will not accuse me of having failed to perform my part in life's great battle, but my greatest happiness is measured by the amount which I am able to bestow upon the members of my own household. Supposing that to-night Leonora should attend one of those festive gatherings in which you so much delight, and the beauty and symmetry of her person and the elegance of her dress should cause the heart of every other girl to ache with envy, would she be any wiser and better for it? or would any other person be farther advanced in the ways of wisdom or

morality on account of this tribute to her vanity?"

"*She* would enjoy it, and so would *I*," said the wife, decisively.

"What is your life-work, Geraldine, that which is to live after you are gone?" he asked.

"I do not care what lives after I am gone; those who come after me may attend to that," she answered, carelessly.

"But think, Geraldine, of the great responsibility resting upon you—two immortal minds whose mental, moral, and even spiritual welfare will be influenced by your example. Look upon these buds of such rare promise, and reflect upon the immortal work of training them up to the sublime heights which they are capable of attaining. Whether you care or not, Geraldine, your work, either for good or evil, *will* live after you, and your own eternal happiness will be influenced by it. Providence has intrusted to your care one whose parents even now may be watching you from that distant shore, solicitous for the well-being of their child, whom they still cherish and look upon through the mystic veil which does not hide us from them. I feel a deep responsibility, even as if I were accountable to them for the manner in which I discharge my sacred obligation, not to speak of our own winsome daughter, whose guileless mind it is your duty and privilege to guide into happy and virtuous ways."

"Oh! *do* choose some more agreeable subject. You make me positively nervous by your uncanny allusions," said the wife, furtively glancing over her shoulder as if half expecting to see the shadowy forms of which he was speaking.

"They will not disturb you, Geraldine, but for my part I would be glad to know that they were with me, prompting and suggesting in matters pertaining to her welfare, when I feel the weakness of my own erring judgment."

"*O Eben!* *do stop.* You are enough to invoke the presence of uncanny shadows

from that terrible shore!" she exclaimed, nervously.

"Say rather the presence of guardian angels from that beautiful land," he said, earnestly, as he glanced at the attentive listeners drinking in every word of the conversation, and then, fearing that she might inspire in them a fear and dread of the "mystic shore" in place of the peaceful reverence with which he hoped to lead them to contemplate it, he changed the subject.

Mrs. Bradford soon returned to the perusal of her paper, and Leonora to her studies, while the husband and father sat silently reflecting upon the possible influence of her example upon the budding germs of womanhood which were to be so constantly associated with her.

"Oh! how I wish she *would* awaken to the responsibility of her position," he soliloquized. "The development of these minds, and formation of their characters, would be a grander and loftier tribute to her own glory than a thousand triumphs of selfish vanity, where her own happiness must be measured by the amount of envy and jealousy which she inspires. The work is too overwhelmingly responsible for me alone. I need the help of a woman's finer sensibilities, deeper intuitions, and superior understanding of their needs and requirements, and without this indispensable element, how can the work be aught but a failure? O sainted parents upon the other shore! help me to do for your child all that I would desire for mine, were I unexpectedly summoned to that better land! God grant that I may live until their characters shall be developed in purity and womanliness, able to stand firm in the presence of all temptations, and to shield and direct others who may come within their influence. Let me accomplish this work and I shall know that I have not lived in vain."

Mr. Wellington suddenly disappeared from the city, bidding none, excepting Mrs. Bradford, adieu, telling her that he might never return, as his inclinations

might lead him across the continent, and from thence to Australia; that life had few charms for him, and that he constantly required change. But the kind of change was not perfectly understood by his sympathetic listener. His destination was not Australia, however. He went to Denver, and by persevering investigation ascertained the exact locality of the property that had belonged to Leonora's father, and was surprised at its extent and value.

The aunts had held possession of the property as her legal guardians, and afterward obtained exclusive control by producing a will and fraudulently certifying to her death.

By much persistent effort, Mr. Wellington obtained a clue to their whereabouts, and finally succeeded in tracing them to New Orleans. He found them living in apparent luxury, and the younger of the two was upon the eve of being married to an aged millionaire of that city. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to the gentleman who had so diligently sought them.

He introduced himself as a gentleman from Denver who wished to purchase their handsome property in that city.

They expressed their willingness to sell, and informed him that they would immediately notify their legal agent, and that the purchase could be made through him.

"You can give a legal and unquestionable title to this particular property?" he asked.

"Why, certainly; do not the records show that?" asked the elder lady.

"I did not examine the records, but for my own satisfaction I would like to ask a few questions," he answered.

"How did you acquire this property; by purchase, or inheritance?"

"By inheritance," replied the elder lady. "It was our brother's property, and a clause in his will gave it to us upon the death of his only child."

"You say that his child is dead?" he asked, looking steadily at the lady.

"Yes. She went to California to live with her mother's relatives, and died shortly afterward," she replied, evidently annoyed by his manner.

"How long since the occurrence of this event?" he asked.

"About two years," answered the lady, with visible annoyance.

"Can you tell me the name of the place where she died, and the people with whom she was living at that time?" he continued.

"I *could*, if I thought it was any of your business," answered the lady, with angry vehemence, "but I consider it a positive impertinence for you to come into our house and seek to pry into our personal affairs which can in no way concern you."

"Perhaps you are right, ladies generally are, but you will pardon me if I ask one more question," he answered, coolly.

"We will not, and the sooner that you take your departure the better it will be for you," replied the lady, rising as if to ring the bell.

"In just one moment," replied Mr. Wellington, politely. "Is there an Italian named Gonzalez, who could, if smitten with his first attack of conscientiousness upon his death-bed, reveal enough concerning the child that you have withheld from me?"

The woman sank back upon her chair, with a sudden pallor succeeding the angry flush with which she had risen, and gasped for breath. She cast a helpless glance at her sister, who also sat with whitening features, gazing in terror-stricken silence upon the stranger who had dared to invade their domicile with his terrible questions.

"What do you know about the matter?" she gasped, at length.

"I know all about your bargains with Gonzalez," he answered, coolly.

"And what else?"

"Let me ask if you know what Gonzalez did with her?" he said, imperatively.

"He wrote us of her death, and we heard no more," said the younger sister, as if to spare the other from further questioning.

"But did he tell you how she died? whether from being thrown over one of those awful cañons among the Rockies, and caught and hurled from one jagged point to another, until, mangled past all resemblance to humanity, she reached the foaming gulf below?"

No image of death could have been more ghastly pale than the faces of the two helpless women, who sat looking at him as if they had just received a summons to their own execution, and the heartless inquisitor continued:

"Or was she bound to a tree in that dismal wilderness, in spite of all her piteous tears and entreaties, and left for the mountain-lions to devour in the terrible horror and darkness of the night?"

The women seemed actually paralyzed with terror at this awful suggestion of murder in its most horrible form, and sat gazing with dilating eyes, while their tormentor sat quietly enjoying the scene.

"We never dreamed of actual murder; he said that he would have her adopted into the family of some Mexican among the mountains, where she would be kindly treated, and give us no further trouble," gasped the younger sister, at length, as if no longer able to endure the terrible silence.

"And you, her father's own sisters, gave that helpless child into the hands of that unprincipled, deep-dyed villain, whose crimes would shame the very demons of *hades* by their incomparable blackness! If the whole matter were ferreted out, what distinction would the law make between you and the wretch who shed her innocent blood that you might appropriate the property that rightfully belonged to her?" he asked, choosing his words with a view to inspiring the greatest amount of terror of which the awful subject was capable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KATHIE'S INHERITANCE.

"GOOD gracious, girls! there comes old Uncle Absalom. Oh! dear, and oh! dear, what could have sent him to town again so soon?"

Kathie, the youngest, threw aside her book and ran to the window out of which her two sisters were so anxiously looking.

"Dear old uncle, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed.

"Glad!" echoed the other girls in a breath; "but that's just like you; you never think of anything. Here's the party coming off Thursday night, and Mr. Wilson just getting so he drops in for morning calls, and makes himself quite at home with us, and now such a visitor as uncle, and he always stays right around the house and expects to be entertained by some one."

"Of course he does; and he's lots nicer than Mr. Wilson, I think; and I'm going right down to see him, for mamma's gone out."

Uncle Absalom was tired after his journey, and cold and a little excited by settling with the hackman, who had tried to take advantage of him; so it was a great comfort and relief to be taken in out of the cold and to be greeted so cordially by a sweet young voice, and to have a kiss laid on his withered cheek, so unused to caresses.

A servant came to relieve him of his overcoat and quaint old satchel, and Kathie herself led him into the back parlor and placed him in an easy-chair by the register, and then sat and talked cheerily and sympathetically with him until her father and mother came home a half-hour later.

"Blessed child!" said Uncle Absalom, talking it over to himself afterward. "She was dretful glad to see me, an' asked

'most right away how my rheumatiz was, an' even remembered to inquire about old Bose an' Dobbin. Them other girls aint a bit like her, nor never was; they're kind o' toppin', an' jest give me the tip ends o' their limp fingers to shake, an' don't speak no more—not if they kin anyways help it; but that air Kathie, she jest warms an old man's heart, that she does, trooly."

Mr. Dean and his wife greeted him very sincerely, and dinner was soon announced. Uncle Absalom was in the habit of coming there three or four times a year, but he had never yet become quite used to dinner at night and the serving it in courses and the uses of some of the appointments of the table. This night for some reason he was more awkward than usual; his hands trembled, and after he had dropped his knife and overturned a glass of water, his comfort in the meal was gone, though Kathie tried to make light of his mishaps, but he had detected the sneering glances of the other girls, and he was glad when the meal was ended, and nothing worse had befallen.

"I dunno what ever made me hev aech a hankerin' to come down to the city jest now, Henry," said Uncle Absalom, as the two men sat in the library that night. "Smiths's folks is as good to me as they kin be, but it aint like one's own after all; an' they bein' hired to work the place an' look after me, why, of course, it's for their int'rest to do it right, but they's times when a body gits to longin' after some o' their own kin, an' so I—I kind o' wanted to see ye all, Henry."

"Why of course, uncle. We want you to come just as often as you feel like it, and stay as long as you are contented. It is very lonesome up in the country,

winters especially, if one is not busy, and we're glad to see you."

"I don't doubt but ye be, Henry an' Kathie special: why, she *kissed* me when I come to-day! She's a dredful sweet little creeture."

"She is a darling!" said the father, for his youngest daughter was the core of his heart.

"An' 'nother thing," continued Uncle Absalom; "I felt as if I wanted to see Lawyer Brown about my bit o' money. I've been readin' so much about banks a-breakin' an' their cashyears runnin' away to Canady with the heft o' the money, that I've got real worried; an' I dunno but it's best an' safest fur a body to keep what little they got, by 'em hid up in the house an' lose the int'rest, than to run the risk o' losin' the hull amount."

"Oh! no, uncle; there's no doubt of the bank where your money is; it is perfectly safe; Brown will tell you the same thing, and he's well posted on business matters."

"Yes, well, I hope he'll say so, I'm sure, but I thought I'd feel better to ask him about it. I 'low he's a dretful up-right man."

"So he is—as good as gold. And there's nothing like being sure and safe in business."

"An' 'nother thing, I did think mebbe I'd git me a new overcoat. I re'ly furgit how many year I've hed mine, but it's a power of 'em, an' it aint no great fur looks no more—that is, it aint wore out so very much, but it's got kind o' fady. Mis' Smith she 'lowed she could put in new sleeve-linins, and new braid an' buttons an' fix it up, an' I said no, she she needn't bother; but I've been thinkin' comin' 'long down in the cars that mebbe I'd better let her do it, after all."

"Now, uncle, don't deny yourself a coat; you do need and deserve it, so get one by all means, and a good one, too. I'll go with you to a firm I know, and help select it."

"But, Henry, I was thinkin' like this: I aint got no *great* o' means, an' what if I should live to be as old as Gran'ther Bascom? He was risin' o' ninety-eight when he died, an' he got to be a sight o' trouble an' expense, an' if I should git to be that way I re'ly dunno if I should have more'n enough to carry me through—not if I should be as savin' as ever was."

"But you've got two nephews, Uncle Absalom, who will see you carried safely through and without a shadow of want. Don't ever forget that, nor don't hoard your own, but use all you want of it; it'll be all right!"

"Bless ye, dear boy! I know you've got a wonderful kind heart, an' so's John, though I don't see so much o' him, bein' so fur away. It's dretful comfortin' to hear ye talk as ye do, but I don't want things to hev to be that way. I'd a sight rather hev something to leave to you an' John, an' mebbe I will. I don't sometimes feel very brisk and strong lately, an' I'm seventy-six year old, an' they's lots o' folks don't ever come to that age. But then a body never knows in this world how long they'll live, nor how soon they'll die; but I do hope as I wont be a trouble to nobody; I pray I won't!"

Uncle Absalom stayed in the city a week. He did not buy an overcoat, and utterly refused to accept one as a present from his nephew, who rather pressed the matter.

But the old gentleman did accept most gratefully a silk muffler from Kathie, although he insisted that it was "much too nice to put around his old neck, and completely shamed the rest of his clothes."

Kathie devoted the most of her time out of school hours to his entertainment, and took him out for walks on sunny afternoons, and on Saturday they went to the Museum, and spent hours and hours in looking at the wonderful and beautiful things to be found there.

Uncle Absalom had been several times

before, but there had been many new things added since his last visit, notably mummies and a sarcophagus covered with strange devices, and used in the time of the Pharaoh dynasty.

He looked upon all these with a sort of reverence, and quoted bits of history from the Old Testament, and a part of the ninetyeth psalm, and wandered away from that, as old people will, into talk of his past years, until the young girl felt as if it was a privilege to sit at his feet and learn of his wisdom.

And among the paintings was one called "The Descent from the Cross," before which he lingered a long time. Kathie could hardly bear to look at it, so realistic was it in every detail, and finally the old man said, in tremulous tones:

"Ah! dear Heart, dear Heart! He bore all that misery fur us, child; an' how we ought to love Him fur it. *Do love Him!*"

On the following day Kathie and her father escorted their visitor to church.

"Of course he must go to church," said one of the older girls, "and our pew is in such a conspicuous position; how people will stare at that hat and coat!"

But if they did or not the young ladies were not there to see, as they had very opportune headaches; and as for Kathie, her anxiety was only lest Uncle Absalom should not be able to hear all the sermon, as his hearing was dull; but she saw that all the places of the hymns and lessons were found, and pushed a hassock under his feet, and felt happy and well-contented beside him.

But Kathie fought many valiant word-battles with her haughty sisters during that week, and often had the last word.

"The idea of you—a girl almost seventeen years old, who ought to begin to think something of herself, and instead of that, you go all over with him in that old snuff-colored coat, and a hat that looks old-fashioned enough for the one he was named after to have worn. A pretty

figure you two make sauntering up Fifth Avenue, don't you?"

"I don't care how we look, nor what you say, neither!" retorted Kathie. "He's got just the sweetest old face I ever saw, and every one treats him with the greatest kindness and respect. Why, I've seen three or four rise at one time to give him a seat in the street-cars!"

"Indeed! Well, you know relics are held in much esteem these days; it shows that people are cultured when they recognize one so quickly and unerringly."

"It shows that everybody isn't as mean and hard-hearted as you are, anyhow! You might show him a *little* attention, I think, the few days that he's here, when he was so kind to us the summers we went up to the farm. I haven't forgotten how he paid Mrs. Smith extra to do for us, and how he put up a swing and fixed a croquet ground himself, and took us drives around the country."

"Ah! those drives, they live in my memory; with a horse and wagon that were young and new when the century came in. I do wonder if that steed is living yet?"

"Yes, he is. I asked uncle, and he says he's as fat as a seal; he thinks every thing of that horse. I mean to go up to the farm again next summer. I would rather go there than anywhere else I can think of, so you can count me out of your summer plans and follies."

"We will with pleasure; the farm and its pleasures and interests will just suit your tastes. And so you inquired about the horse; and did you ask tenderly after the health and welfare of the hens, and pigs, and the rest of the 'creeturs'?"

But, by this time, Kathie would be half-way down the stairs, and with redoubled attentions would strive to make the dear old man forget the carelessness and coldness of her sisters, which, as he gave no sign, she began to hope he did not notice.

"Do you really think you must go up home to-morrow, uncle?" asked Mr. Dean, as they sat down in the library one night for their usual chat.

"Well, yes, Henry, I've 'bout made up my mind to it. I've made quite a long visit, an' had a wonderful good time in the main, so I guess I better go now while the weather is good. I'm dretful afeard o' travelin' when it's stormy, an' it'll seem good to be hum ag'in, too. I guess, likely, I'll feel more contented in my mind now when I git back than I was afore I come down."

"Perhaps so; it does one good to get away from home sometimes; new scenes and new faces livens one up. But you're welcome to stay here as long as you feel contented. I can't give you much of my time during the day, you know."

"Oh! I don't expect it, indeed, I don't. I've enjoyed myself a sight a-lookin' over the books here. If I could a had some on 'em in my young days I'd a-been dretful glad. An' then Kathie, dear child, she's been most 'mazin' good to me, a-talkin' to me, an' goin' around with me; an' now she's been an' give me her picture to kerry hum with me. I shall think a wonderful sight o' that. An' I dunno but I better tell ye what I've been a-doin'; first off, I thought I'd keep it to myself, but I guess I'll tell *you*, an' not let it go no further. I've made a new will. Lawyer Brown, he drewed it up a couple o' days ago, an' I've left my money, be it more or less, to you an' John to be divided ekally between ye, an' the farm an' all purtainin' thereto I've willed to Kathie to belong to her an' her heirs furever."

"Why, uncle! I *am* surprised, and—well, I'm glad, too; but I hope she won't fall heir to it very soon—not for many years."

"There's no countin' on anything, as I've said afore; but I feel satisfied in my mind now, an' she's a good girl, but the farm aint no great of a fortin. I don't myself vally it at more'n three thousand

dollars, but Smith, he does; he will insist on't that the ledge along the upper part is good iron ore, an' if the new railroad comes through as is talked of strong, why, he say's it'll come into the market an' be worked up as a mind yet, but I don't make no 'count on it. They be dretful curi's-lookin' rocks, if you remember, Henry—all red, an' black, an' seamy-like, but law! they've allus looked that way, an' it's jest the natur' o' the stun, so I tell Mr. Smith, but he's dretful sot in his way."

"Perhaps he's right, uncle, and if so, it's a good thing for you. I do remember the rocks."

"But that air p'int o' land that runs down to the corners, that may be re'ly salable, fur that's jest the spot picked out fur a depot if the road's ever built; but there's no tellin' anything about it, an' so as I said, I vally the farm about three thousand, an' I wish it was ten times more fur Kathie's sake, fur she's worthy of a fortin. I'll keep it in as good shape as I kin, an' I do hope as I wont never hev to put a mor'gage agin it fur my livin'. I don't 'low to if I kin anyways help it."

"I really thank you, Uncle Absalom, for your thought and care for my daughter, but I do beg of you not to be saving for her or any one; use all for yourself you possibly can; you've always worked hard, and now do take the good of it."

"An' 'nother thing," continued the old man; "I've been kind o' hopin' to myself that if Dobbin an' Bose should outlive me, that she'll let 'em stay right along on the old place an' hev good care as long as they live. They aint wuth no great—the dog special, but they seem dretful near an' dear to me somehow. I know most folks wouldn't want to keep 'em, but I thought mebbe *she'd* be willin'."

"She surely will, uncle. I can answer for that."

"Thank ye, Henry; mayhap I'll outlive 'em, but they's no knowin', so I

thought I'd jest speak a word about it. We can't none on us see into the futur' a single day nor hour, but, anyhow, I do hope an' pray that the good Lord'll see fit to deal marcifullly with us all an' bring us finally to His rest."

The next morning Uncle Absalom went away. There was something tender and pathetic in his leave-taking which haunted Kathie and her father with a vague uneasiness.

"Yes, I feel that I've done a wise thing," said the old man, communing with himself, as he rode along in the cars. "John an' Henry is both well off, an' a-doin' well for themselves, an' the money'll be something they kin handle an' invest right away, an' as fur them other girls, why they'd scorn to hev the farm, an' aint like to need no lift noways, fur them two popinjays o' their'n must be amazin' rich an' easy in their sar-cumstances, or they never could afford to idle away their time a-hangin' 'round in the forenoon, all dressed up slicker'n dominies, an' a-buyin' roses as costs a small fortin this time o' year, but there, the Lord forgive me! what am I that I should set in judgment on other folks? But that air little one, she's the kind I like; a genuine hull-souled girl! Yes, it does me good to think o' her hevin' the farm; an' even if she never wants to live on it, why, she'll think kind o' tender on it, fur her old uncle's sake, I reckon; an' she's the only grand-niece I've got that re'ly 'pears to love me. She give me her pictur, bless her!"

Three months passed, and then, without warning, Kathie came into her inheritance.

The gentle old man slept his life away one night, painlessly and unafraid, as the peaceful smile upon his face declared.

He had seemed to be as well as usual the night before—so the people who lived with him said—but the clock of life had

simply become tired with long running, and stopped.

The entire Dean family went out to the funeral. If the haughty elder sisters felt any pangs of sorrow or remorse as they looked upon the quiet wrinkled face, and the form clothed upon with majestic dignity at last, they did not say, and no one questioned them.

After the funeral the will was read, and the contents astonished all except Mr. Dean.

Kathie's grief for the loss of her dear old friend, and regret that he had been alone in his supreme hour, were so deep and intense that her possessions gave her no immediate comfort; and, leaving the Smiths still in charge, she was glad to put all care aside for the present, and go back to the city and school duties.

One Saturday she went up to the Museum and stood again before the painting which had so touched the loving soul of Uncle Absalom; and then and there took into her heart, as the highest aim of her life, the words he had said to her: "Love Him, my child!"

But when her mother and sisters went to the White Mountains for the summer, then Kathie went out to the farm, and her father spent every Sunday with her; such quiet, restful days as both enjoyed. The gentle old horse took them his long-accustomed way to church, and in their walks over the pleasant fields Bose gravely attended them.

A beautiful monument was erected to mark the place where Uncle Absalom rested in the little cemetery, where all that was mortal of his wife and children had been lying for more than thirty years; and all summer long his grave was fair with flowers.

The railroad is now an assured fact, and an expert pronounces the ledge to be an out-crop of valuable iron ore which is well worth mining. And so Kathie's inheritance bids fair to become an ample fortune.

LILLIAN GREY.

EPICURUS WYNN.

CHAPTER I.

OUTSIDE it had grown quite dark, except for a tender light above the hill-tops in the west; the clear sky and the soft wind soothed one with the promise of coming summer; but what mattered May to those inside the Variety Theatre? It was a large bare room, filled with the reek of bad tobacco and a pervading sensation of stale beer; a single gallery ran round, the centre of which was cushioned and supposed to be "select," but the popular parts of the house were the sides and the body down below. There they took things easily, smoked much thick twist, exchanged salutations with their friends aloft, and when pleased stamped tumultuously on the floor, and whistled with their fingers in an ear-piercing manner. But the dreariness of the performance itself was beyond description; there was nothing that pretended to music, the humor had not reached beyond the knock-about stage; it was not even indecent; simply dull—ponderously and profoundly dull. A young woman, dressed in a grenadier's uniform, as far at least as was consistent with the unities of music-hall costume, was singing a patriotic waddy, with much martial strutting about the stage, and the audience was noisily assisting at the chorus. It was the last verse, with the necessary sentiment:

"And now the last night watch is set,
But, ere he goes to sleep,
Our gallant boy breathes one deep prayer
For those across the deep;
'O God of All! my wife and child
Safe in Thy guidance keep!"

Even the first violin, a stolid young man who had been playing there for some time, was struck by the incongruity of this verse with its surroundings. He did not call it

blasphemy, because he was not in the habit of analyzing his feelings, but he was touched by a sense of something wrong. However, any further thoughts about the matter were strangely interrupted. The applause had barely died away when a loud, rough voice shouted:

"Whoso has a soul to be saved, let him flee from the wrath to come!"

Every one turned at once, and saw by one of the side entrances a little knot of people, all wearing the well-known dress of the Salvation Army, and clustered around a dark, stern-looking young man, who had just spoken. As the audience waited a moment in silent surprise, a girl sprang on one of the benches, and began, in a clear, thrilling voice:

"O my brothers! has not Christ died for you, and does He not say—Knock?"

So far she was heard, for the band had stopped and the people had not realized the situation, but everything else was drowned in the tumult of whistling, shouting, and yelling that now arose. The little group struck up a hymn, set, in fact, to one of the tunes sung there nightly; but this was the signal for a rush of the crowd over the seats at them, while some one in the gallery threw an empty beer-bottle at the girl who was still standing on the bench. At this moment, too, the gas was turned down but not before the violin had seen the bottle on its way. It was too much for him; the last verse of the song had left him with a feeling of shame, that had been deepened by the girl's words, and now he leaped over the barrier and dashed toward the struggling crowd, which was being swept in his direction. He caught her just as she was being borne down in the rush, and before he well knew what was hap-

pening was carried out with the rest into the street.

Once outside, the cool air and the darkness quieted every one, and the lights going up again, the audience returned to the performance, but the musician was left standing with the reunited Salvationists, few of whom were without marks of the conflict. The young man who seemed to be their leader took him by the hand.

"Welcome, in the name of the Lord! One soul, at least, we have saved from hell! Turn not back from the good work, for woe unto him that putteth his hand to the plow!"

He did not exactly know what to reply to this, when the girl, whom he still supported, turned to him and said:

"Tha's saved my life to-night, save thy own soul! Come with us, and go not again into that house of wrath!"

"Nay, I saved no life. They'd noan ha' hurt thee. I doubt I shall play there any more, but I mun go back for my fiddle."

He resisted alike their entreaties and their warnings, saying that "prayer-meetings were noan in his line," and returned to take his place again in the orchestra, while the little army moved across the market-place, damped somewhat by their defeat, but triumphant in the feeling of having suffered for their Master. Epicurus Wynn played out the rest of the performance, but with growing disgust, for the remembrance of the girl standing there seemed to have opened his eyes for the first time, and to cast a pure light around that showed the whole place unclean.

His was a quiet nature, not very observant nor readily affected by externals, and he had played there night after night, heedless of the vice and vulgarity, not indeed thinking of it, except as an inevitable accompaniment of his daily work. But this was henceforth impossible, and when the evening's entertainment was over he went behind and told the manager that he was

not coming any more. The manager was already in no amiable mood; he had been a good deal put out by the disturbance, for the artiste whose song had been interrupted being a bit of a star, had required coaxing before she would consent to reappear, so that the defalcation of his best musician was the last straw, and his wrath boiled over. When he at last found words he asked:

"Are you turned Salvationist, too, or what the — is up to-night?"

"No, I'm noan turned Salvationist, but I'm coming no more. That's all!"

"Go, and be — to you! But remember you get no wage this week!" And here he again grew inarticulate.

"Nobody axed thee for any wage, so tha'd better keep a quiet tongue i' thy head," and Epicurus Wynn put his violin under his arm and left the place for good.

As he strode down the long street to the river and climbed the hill on the other side his mind soon recovered its wonted placidity, which had been somewhat ruffled by his parting with the manager, but he could not so easily put away the thought of the girl, as she stood pleading courageously with the brutal crowd of the music hall. He half-smiled at the madness of an attempt to convert the frequenters of such a place, but he left ashamed and somewhat resentful that it should have needed her to show him the degradation of it all.

Epicurus Wynn had been brought up after rather a curious fashion, entirely by his father, who in his youth had been notorious for his Radicalism and his infidelity, one of the most marked acts of which was the christening of his only son Epicurus, in direct defiance of all the respectable opinion of the place. When his wife died, which happened when Eppy was still a baby, Jesse Wynn declared his intention of managing for himself, and having no more women about the place. So he did, and despite the incredulous scoffs of the neighboring housewives, no

cottage was so neat and clean as his; his arrangements were the wonder and envy of his friends, and afforded them a constant text for the comfortable doctrine of how much better a man could do these things when he really set himself to it.

Epicurus had flourished well under the system, and had grown up a big, healthy lad, somewhat dreamy and old-fashioned, rather slow of apprehension, but tenacious of all impressions, and passionately sensitive to certain kinds of beauty, especially music. He had not consorted much with lads of his own age, but rambled about the country with his father, who had abandoned politics for botany, and become an indefatigable collector.

Meanwhile Chadgate had increased from a little village of a hundred houses or so to a great cotton-spinning centre, and Jesse Wynn's old pugnacity had died away a good deal with the general improvement in the condition of the working classes. He still occasionally spent his Sunday mornings listening to the addresses at the Secularists' Hall, and had not failed to impress his own ideas about religion on the boy; but since they had grown up round Eppy, they had lost the bitterness which comes from opposition, and were no longer aggressive, but part of his ordinary habit of mind.

When he got home, Eppy found three or four other workmen naturalists with his father; the microscope was set up on the table, and they had been discussing the points of a rare moss one of them had just found, when the arrival of a younger man, hot from a Radical meeting, had turned the conversation from science to politics. He had been treating them to a faded version of the evening's speeches, and Jesse, in disgust, had at last broken out:

"I'm sick o' hearing yo young folks talk, talk, talk, about liberty and injustice and t' wickedness o' t' Tories. Yo should ha' bin a young mon when I were, and

then yo'd a had summat to feight about. T' working mon nowadays has gotten better wage, and eddication, and his union, and there's ten fools now for one when I're a lad. H'd better mend hissel' and shut up callin' t' aristocracy. Oh! I'm talking, tha thinks, but I did my share i' Chartist times, and I'm ready to do it again when it's wanted. Tha says I've deserted t' cause, but wait till there's summat worth feighting for, and Jesse Wynn 'll be thereabouts."

There was a general hum of assent from the others, who had resented the introduction of politics, and the discomfited orator beat a retreat when Eppy entered.

"Tha'rt late, lad!" said his father.

"Aye, but it's t' last time. I've chucked t' theatre from to-neet."

"Hast gotten t' bag?" asked one of the others.

"Nay, there were no sacking about it. I just telled Williams I'd had enough."

"Well, I'm reet glad, Eppy," said his father. "I've said nowt, but I ne'er cared for it. I'm noan agen play-acting and music, but they're an ill-favort lot as goes yon. And tha doesna want t' brass, for th'art noan married, and tha collects nowt."

The rest of the company assented with a sigh, as they thought of the books they should like, and the cases they could buy if they only had the money.

"I've done wi' it now, ony road," responded Eppy, and passed into the back kitchen to look for a little supper. By the time he had finished the others had all dropped off, and father and son, after a little more talk about what had happened at the theatre, said good-night and went their ways to bed.

CHAPTER II.

It was half-past twelve; the mills of Chadgate had just loosed; and the air was filled with the clatter of iron-bound clogs over the pavement, as an eager tide of

shawled women and men, grimy with oil and cotton fluff, set down the long street to the river. Among them was Epicurus Wynn, large-framed and vigorous. He strode along by himself with his usual dreamy and abstracted look; but before he reached the bridge he was arrested by a hand on his arm, and turning, saw that it was the girl he had dragged out of the music hall on the previous evening. In the daylight he could form a clearer idea of her. She was tall and slight, somewhat pale and worn-looking; but you forgot to ask whether she was pretty in the presence of the intense and spiritual life that lit up her face. She was dressed like any other mill girl, in a gray shawl that covered the head and fastened under the chin, and she spoke with a directness you would not have expected from her delicate and even shrinking appearance, but which was far removed from the audacity of her class.

"What's thy name, young man? I want to pray for thee."

"I doubt it'll be ony use, but I'm called Epicurus Wynn."

"Epicurus?"

"Aye. It were my feyther's doing. He's a Secularist and had me christened after an owd philosopher, as he're fond on."

"He'll suffer for it some day. And art tha a Secularist?"

"Aye. I go wi' my feyther. I reckon tha'll do no good praying for me."

"Tha knows nowt about that. Eh, lad! come to some of our meetings! Tha's got a soul to be saved whether tha likes it or not. Come and hear the Lord's word! Has tha ever tried to live wi' Christ, and larn what He can give thee?"

She spoke roughly enough, but there was something in the exaltation of her voice that thrilled strange fibres in Eppy. He had been touched the night before, and now he turned things over a little in his mind and slowly answered, "Th'art reet enough there, lass. I've ne'er tried religion. I'll come and hear what

you've got to say. But I tell thee fairly, I'm a Secularist, and make nowt o' t' Bible. I've tow'd thee my name—what's thine?"

"Norah Kerby," she answered, looking him almost defiantly in the face. "Michael Kerby's my father."

"Eh, lass; but tha's a hard time of it, I reckon!"

Michael Kerby was a notorious character in Chadgate, a prize fighter in his youth; he was now a kind of dog and pigeon fancier, and having worn one wife to death, was married again to a woman who was his master, and in her own way as evil as himself.

"He has given me strength for it," said Norah. "The troubles of this world are little things if they bring you to Him."

"Well, I must be going," he said now, for their ways parted; "but I'll come to-neet."

So that evening when he had finished his tea and washed himself, Eppy went off to the Salvation Army barracks, a barn-like wooden structure, not far from his old haunt, and which, indeed, had been a theatre itself till the growing prosperity of Chadgate had demanded a larger building. When he entered, it was nearly filled with a curiously mixed crowd. Round the door was a group of idle young men and girls who had come to scoff, and who rushed out at intervals with an explosion of laughs and shouts. Young people, too, mainly predominated on the bare benches, the boys sheepish, the girls very wakeful, with a set look on their faces that was meant to indicate devotion and enthusiasm. Here and there was a comfortable-looking dame, who liked her religion strong; but there was also a fair leaven of middle-aged folks, weary-eyed and worn, who were faithfully and earnestly striving to tread the narrow way. At the further end of the room was a small platform, with a bare hand-rail at the edge, and from this elevation a young man, whom Eppy knew a little, was

preaching with a fierce intensity that lost its effect from its unvarying dead-weight of emphasis. Eppy remembered him now as the leader of the little band of Salvationists in the music hall, and marvelled much, for he had not heard of this last stage in his strange career. George Howarth's boyhood had been embittered by a slight lameness, which cut him off from the sports and companionship of other boys of his age. His strong nature had turned in upon itself, and though he had been forced to leave school for the mill at a very early age, he had toiled at night schools and evening classes till he had at last obtained a place as usher in a private school in the city. But he very soon found the life intolerable; the boys mocked his accent, the other masters alternately sneered at him and patronized him, which he resented still more, and finally, after one outburst of passionate temper, he was dismissed without any prospect, or, indeed, desire of another situation. He came back to Chadgate hopeless, and resumed his work at the mill, a soured man, who saw nothing but injustice in the world, everywhere the wicked man flourishing, and he himself condemned to a life he had once risen above. Almost at once he sank into gloomy dissipation, from which he had been rescued by the Salvation Army, to throw the whole bitter strength of his nature into their religion, with its hard dogmas and fierce anticipations of a future retribution.

Eppy's attention wandered; he found little in the discourse that appealed to him in any way; and he was soon lost in remembrances of other very different scenes—concerts and plays he had enjoyed in that room in old days. But his interest was fixed when Norah Kerby came on to the platform to speak. She advanced to the railing without a trace of self-consciousness, her bonnet hung from her arm, so showing a loosely coiled mass of black hair, which only increased the fragility

of her appearance. Entirely absorbed in her message, she at once began to speak—

“‘Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.’”

We need hardly continue; it was not her words, it was the far-away look in her great eyes which seemed to fill with a vision not granted to the rest, the appealing conviction in her voice, that thrilled Eppy like a strain of profoundest melody, and made him think that after all there might be something in religion to which his father was blind, as he was deaf to the music, where he himself found his keenest delight. And when at the close she asked that the peace of God and the blessing of Christ might descend on one soul who had come among them that night, and entreated their prayers for the brother who was still outside the fold, he was touched by a sense of an all-embracing love that he had never known before, for sincere and deep as was the affection between his father and himself, it was stoically unemotional, and knew no tenderness of word or deed. As they walked home together he promised Norah to come again, and after awhile became a regular frequenter of the meetings. But he grew no nearer to getting religion; he would be carried away by the spell of Norah's preaching, but when that was over, his placid temperament, cautious from early training, found no satisfaction in the turgid doctrines of the Army. What he did come for was Norah herself, and he went about with her till it was generally said that “Eppy Wynn and yon Salvation lass o' Kerby's were keeping company.”

They talked little of love or the future, but a very tender understanding was growing up between them, only marred by Norah's anxiety that Eppy should enrol himself in their ranks, and his reluctance to satisfy her by any such pious fiction. However, it seemed such a little thing compared with her love that he was drifting in that direction, when he was

arrested by his father. They had just been taking tea together, and Eppy was getting ready to go out, when his father said :

"Th'art going a good deal to them meetings nowadays. Art bound to turn Salvationist?"

"Nay, I can't say as I am."

"It's yon lass o' Kerby's, then, th'art after?"

"Aye. I were going to tell thee when I got a quiet chance. We've made it up wi' one another."

"I've heard tell o' what were going on. I could ha' wished she coom of a better stock, but a man mun do for hissel' i' these things. She seems a likely lass for aught I know."

"I'll be bringing her to see thee some day."

"Aye, do. Mebbe she'll larn as an owd Secularist isn't t' devvil hissel'. But what art tha boun' to do? T' Army'll noan let yon go in a hurry, and thee a Secularist. Art tha going to let 'em convert thee?"

"I've 'noan thowt much about it. Mebbe I shall; it'll noan matter much t' once we're wed."

"Tha'll noan be Jesse Wynn's lad if tha does. Tha'll be telling a downright lee, and that isn't t' road wi' Secularists, and I doubt wi' Salvationists either. If tha does, tha'll ha' trouble to the end o' thy days, aye, and deserve it, too. Thee be straight wi' thyself and t' lass, too, and t' Salvation Army can go where it likes, but tha'll be a' reet."

"Well, I reckon there's summat i' what tha says; I'll be thinking about it."

As Eppy walked off he considered his position, and it became abundantly clear to him that he must tell no lies about his beliefs, whatever trouble and pain might ensue.

CHAPTER III.

It was well that Eppy had been roused by his father's questionings, for that night a decision was forced upon him, and with-

out any faltering he was able to take the course approved by his better judgment. For some time George Howarth had been painfully watching the companionship of Norah and Eppy; he had never explicitly told himself that he loved her, but he had always considered there was a peculiar tie between Norah and himself, as beings set apart from the rest by their sorrows, who alike sought in religion refuge from the evil of the world. And was this divine soul, who seemed to him little lower than one of the angels, was she to be intrusted to an open scoffer, a blind and self-satisfied denier of God? With his whole strength he would combat this last daring scheme of the devil's, and preserve so precious a being for Christ's work upon earth. He had little hope somehow of success, still less did he expect to gain anything for himself; the world had come to seem a strife mostly given over to the Evil One, where the reward was not promised for victory, but for battle at all. His early forebodings met with little response from the others, who only saw in Eppy a likely addition to the flock; while some warnings he had ventured to address to Norah herself had been treated with clear-sighted indignation that laid bare to him his jealousy. But Eppy had been coming regularly to their meetings for a couple of months, and was still unwilling to profess himself a convert, indeed, had several times declined to join them when directly invited, so that Howarth found little difficulty in persuading the other officials that he should be forced publicly to decide for or against them. They could not do without Norah, for to her preaching they owed much of their success, but they could not imagine Eppy leaving her, and they tasted in anticipation the triumph that would be theirs when the son of that notorious atheist, Jesse Wynn, should openly join them. The little community had a kind of private meeting every Friday, to discuss their personal affairs; that evening it had been whispered about that

Eppy Wynn was to be compelled to declare himself, so that when the ordinary business was over every one waited in their seats. There was a slight pause of silent expectation and then one of the older members rose to speak, for Howarth had thought it better that he himself should appear in the matter as little as possible. He was a fluent wind-bag of a man, who was somewhat jealous of the success of Norah's preaching, and would not at heart have been sorry to see her go.

"It has fallen upon me as spokesman for the officers of the Salvation Army here stationed at Chadgate to perform a disagreeable duty. But we have all something of that sort to do, and it is the Lord's will that we should not go about to escape it. 'See that ye refuse not him who speaketh.' Folks are saying, Epicurus Wynn, as you are keeping company wi' Norah Kerby, that's an officer i' this Army and given up to carrying the banner of the Lord; while from all as we hear you are no better than one of the lost—an atheist and a freethinker. Now, in the Army o' the Lord there's no place for facing both ways, will tha come and wash in His blood and be saved, or will tha go forth into the outer darkness. Norah Kerby mun ha' nowt to do wi' Secularists and that sort, so tha mun either join us or go."

Norah started up indignantly. "Thee mind thy own business, Thomas Fletcher, and meddle noan wi' other folks. As long as I do my work right for t' Army, what's tha got to do wi' me and Epicurus Wynn?" Eppy too, said, "I come here and listen to your preaching, I live a quiet life and say nowt agen yo. Thee bother noan." A little excited talking and whispering had begun, for opinions were divided, but it settled down again to intense stillness, when Howarth reluctantly got up, finding that his interference was necessary, so much had Fletcher created sympathy with the lovers. As he walked down the platform he caught a glance of

swift indignation from Norah, but it only inspired him to his task with a sad dignity that in his Master's cause he should be misinterpreted by her for whom he was most earnestly striving.

"Brothers and sisters! Captain Fletcher has not spoken perhaps the wisest words, but it is a difficult matter for us all to-night, and ye must bear with one another. Norah Kerby—you are one of the Lord's chosen servants, whom He has blessed abundantly with the means of salvation, will you now turn back from the work? Remember that in His hands you have been an instrument for leading many into the right way, will you forsake Him now to follow after vain desires? Epicurus Wynn, come in unto us and we will rejoice over you; accept Christ, and great shall be your reward both here and hereafter! Come and save your soul, aye, and hers too! The choice lies before you, one or the other, for he that is not with us is against us!"

He spoke slowly and painfully, with an obvious struggle that lent a weighty earnestness to all his words, so that every one followed breathlessly and waited the issue in awe-struck silence. To some devouter natures there, the stillness seemed only man's hush, while the great adversaries fought out their ancient battle over a soul that was present with them, and in all sincerity they cast their unspoken prayers into the scale. Norah sat with her face buried in her hands; long before she had learned the bitter lesson that in renunciation of self lay the only true peace; must she then deny herself this new joy that hath clothed her life with such passionate beauty; her heart revolted from the cruelty of it all, but the still voice seemed to plead within, "Deny all and follow me!"

At last Eppy rose: "Tha's asked me a straight question, George Howarth, and tha shall have a straight answer. I'd a been fain to come here and listen to what you have to say, but I cannot be a joined

member. I'll tell you all fairly, I make little more o' religion now than t' first time I came. And if I mun go, I mun go. But I's' ne'er give up Norah Kerby for any Salvation Army! Good neet, friends!" and he stolidly marched down the hall.

His action relieved the tension and an instant clamor arose; a few calling on him to remain, but some were already de-

nouncing him, and the general feeling was strong against him. He reached the door and turned once more to look at Norah, when she sprang up. "You've turned him out and I'm going, too! His ways shall be my ways."

Before any one could attempt to withstand her, she had passed through them all and joined him. Out into the night they went together, alone and content.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HYGIENE FOR HOUSEKEEPERS. Every woman needs to take regular exercise in the open air every day; and that exercise should not be in the nature of work, but of recreation.

As a rule, housekeepers need to eat more of simple food. If the food is simple less time will be needed in its preparation, and what it lacks in unwholesome richness and unnecessary variety it will gain in nutriment and digestibility. The result will be an improvement in the health of all the family, and will injure no one but the doctor.

Less time ought to be given to the routine work of housekeeping and more to relaxation and recreation. All that "the best of wives" did not do and for the lack of which she became an inmate of an insane asylum, the housekeeper ought to do. The woman who "always stays at home," who never goes out of the house even on Sundays, and who is "always doing something for her family," not only will "have no ideas outside of her home," but will soon come to have none even there.

SUCCESS. Our natures are rich and varied; and many sides must be brought out before we can attain our fullest development. A narrow idea of success suffices for most of us. The attainment of political power, of literary fame, of wealth, of comforts, even of excellence in one direction, is only a part of a

broader success, that success which involves a continual exercise of those powers in which we excel and a continual awakening of those which have lain dormant within us. This is the goal best worth striving for, though too often we see only the close-lying objects and do not realize the breadth of the outlook from higher ground. But, if we still struggle, however blindly, we shall, little by little, attain more nearly the larger thoughts and broader desires which, making our individual success in life, tend also to make the grand success of the world.

VEGETABLES. All green vegetables should be cooked in two waters. After having been well washed they should be placed in a sauce-pan and be well covered with plenty of cold water, and the water should be seasoned with a little salt and a very small piece of soda. The water should be brought quickly to the boil; that is what is called blanching the vegetables. As soon as the water boils, the vegetables should be taken out and drained and rinsed, and then be put into a sauce-pan of boiling water, with a little salt and soda in it.

Of all the thousand enemies that lie ambushed along the journey of human life there is not one that does not shrink and cower before a clear intellect, a potent will, and an honest intent.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN-HATER.

COLONEL FREDERICK CHALMERS was not a marrying man. Society in Winchester had long ago given up all hopes of him; and his sisters, Miss Sophia and Miss Janet, sighed deeply whenever the subject was broached by their elderly maiden friends, and shaking their gray corkscrews sadly, replied that "it was a pity, certainly, but poor, dear Frederick had such very peculiar ideas" on matrimony. The society of the severe looking spinsters with whom his sisters associated did not tend to remove the Colonel's aversion to marriage or his dislike to the weaker sex generally. If he detested all women, his sisters excepted, he treble detested his sister's friends. "A parcel of gossiping old women," he said, contemptuously.

Report had it that one Miss Barbara Pratt, a maiden of fifty-eight, had once, kindly ignoring her eight years' seniority, contemplated taking the recreant Colonel in hand and finally marrying him. But the Colonel saw through her little scheme, and fled precipitately to Boston, where he remained in hiding until he heard that the fair Barbara was safely married.

But, alas! for the unfortunate Colonel's peace of mind! When he returned from his trip, expecting to find life going on as peacefully as before, his sisters greeted him with the information that the house next door had been taken by a widow with a large family of children, most of them quite young. "And, really," added Miss Janet, plaintively, "fond as I am of children, I cannot stand the annoyance of having them continually in our garden—it does spoil the beds so!"

The Colonel, who was eating his supper, looked up angrily, for he hated children, although, having no nephews and nieces,

he knew very little about them. "Have they been walking over my flower-beds?"

"No, no! dear Frederick," broke in Miss Sophia. "Janet doesn't mean that. Do you, Janet?"

The corkscrews at the other side of the table nodded an emphatic negative, and Miss Sophia continued: "We were only thinking of those dreadful children of Mrs. Ildersley's who were here five years ago. And I am sure," she added, consolingly, "these look remarkably nice children, remarkably nice."

"Humph!" ejaculated her brother; "I hope so, I'm sure." And with that he extended his hand to each of the ladies in turn as they prepared to retire. He never by any chance kissed them; even when a boy, he was not demonstrative; and when Miss Janet sometimes sighed over this "peculiarity of dear Frederick's," and contrasted him with other people's brothers, Miss Sophia rebuked her sharply. "Would you have Frederick slobber over us in public as that odious Mr. Green does over *his* sisters?" she would demand sternly, squashing Miss Janet's murmured "only in private, you know," with the unanswerable argument: "Men can't see when to do a thing and when not to do it, and Frederick, my dear, is no better than the rest."

As far as the Colonel could judge during the first two or three weeks after his arrival home, the conduct of the children next door certainly bore out Miss Sophia's statement that they were "remarkably nice children." They never disturbed him as he sat in the garden by uttering those unearthly shrieks and yells which he imagined were the chief amusements of youth; nor did they chase his sisters' cat, nor roll their balls along his

trimly-kept gravel paths. Indeed, he was fain at length to acknowledge that "for children" they were not bad; and he speedily forgot their existence.

The fact of the matter really was that the children were busy at their lessons during the greater part of the day, and their governess, an orphan who lived almost all the year with them, did not permit any shirking of duty, so that the combined effect of strict lessons and a wholesome awe of their crotchety neighbor served to keep the children from disgracing themselves in his eyes.

We do not think Colonel Chalmers would have felt flattered if he had known the feelings of fear and awe with which the children regarded him. "The Ogre" they called him among themselves; and although their mother and Miss Grant always rebuked them if they heard them speaking of him as such, yet even they looked upon him as a most peculiar and decidedly disagreeable neighbor, and kept the children as much as possible out of his way.

But lessons do not last forever; and about a month after Colonel Chalmers's return, Mrs. Tracy told Miss Grant that it would be as well to begin the Christmas holidays. The children were wild with glee at being let off their studies, and began elaborate preparations for Christmas, which occupied them so well that they were quieter than ever.

Mrs. Tracy was relieved. She had feared that, freed from restraint, the children would begin to annoy their neighbors, but so far they were as good as gold. It was therefore with a mind quite at ease that she set off the day after New Year's day to pay a long promised visit to her sister, leaving Miss Grant in sole charge. Her last injunction to the children was to be very good; and certainly they looked very demure as they bade her farewell at the garden-gate. Miss Grant, having something to do in the town, went with her and they were left to their own devices.

It was a cold day, but not snowy, and Colonel Chalmers was taking a constitutional up and down the gravel path, reflecting as he did so on the corrupted state of the army at that time, always a pet grievance of his, and now doubly so since his young cousin, Geoffrey Markham, was always sending him accounts of how "things were done now," which made him boil with rage. The children could just see the top of his hat as he marched slowly up and down by the dividing wall, but after a whispered remark that "the Ogre was cooling his Indian temper again," they took no notice of what was becoming a daily occurrence, and devoted all their attention to a new game of ball, which Jack, the eldest boy, who was home from school, had taught them. It was not a noisy game, and although occasional ripples and bursts of laughter were wafted over the wall, the Colonel found them rather soothing than otherwise, so that so far everything seemed to go all right. But, alas! this state of things couldn't last long, and an extra hard hit from Jack's racket sent their only ball flying right into the centre of the Ogre's lawn. The children looked at each other in consternation. Here was a pleasant state of things and no mistake. At last Molly said in a low tone: "The Ogre has gone in-doors; I can't see his head any more. We might get it if we climbed over."

Jack looked at her, and the others stood round in anxious suspense to hear what he would say; for thirteen-year-old Jack was considered an oracle by his six brothers and sisters. There was silence for a minute, and then the oracle said, mournfully: "We can't all go, you know; the Ogre might catch some of us. Besides, what's the good? No; I threw it over, so I suppose I must get it." Then turning to Molly, he bade her bring him a chair from the school-room, and not to dawdle on the way. "The Ogre might come back, you know," he

said, gravely, "and I don't want to be nabbed."

Molly flew in-doors, and returned with a high chair, which they succeeded in planting firmly against the wall. Jack clambered up. "I must jump, I suppose," he said, after surveying the land on the other side; "it won't do to spoil his flower-beds." With that he gave a spring and alighted on the path just as the Colonel, who had gone to get a cigar, re-entered the garden. His rage knew no bounds; he seized the astonished Jack by the collar and gave him a good shaking, much to the terror of that worthy's partisans, who were watching the scene in silent dismay from some steps on the other side.

"You young scamp, you!" he exclaimed at length, when he had recovered his breath, "how dare you come into my garden like that?"

"I wanted our ball," muttered Jack, who felt sore both morally and physically from the shaking. "It came over here."

"It had no business to," returned the Colonel, picking up the offending article, "and since it's here, I'll keep it, I think. And now, be off with you, d'you hear?—No; not that way," as the boy made for the wall. "Can't you see the gate?"

And through the gate Jack went, feeling highly indignant with the Ogre for his rude reception of him, and fully persuaded that he was quite the martyr the others thought him.

But the Colonel was not disturbed by any remorse. In his eyes, other people's boys were a nuisance; he did not understand them, and felt decidedly aggrieved if they were allowed to trouble him. So he lit his cigar and walked thoughtfully up and down, as if no such person as Jack existed. He had completed ten turns in undisturbed peace, and was walking toward the house for the eleventh time, when a slight noise behind him made him turn round. To his utter astonishment

he beheld, standing in the middle of the path, a little boy. The Colonel was too much taken aback to speak, but stood staring at his small visitor in speechless amazement. He was not a pretty little boy, but he had a dark attractive face, and grave, wondering eyes which seemed to scan the tall Colonel from head to foot.

"So," he said at last, when he had finished his scrutiny, "you are Ogre, are you?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Well, you are not pretty. Are all ogres so ugly, I wonder?"

"Upon my word!" ejaculated the astonished Ogre, letting his cigar fall from between his fingers. "Upon my word!"

"And you are very unkind," continued his small accuser, "very unkind." he repeated, eying the object of his remarks gravely. "You hurt Jack awfully, and you stole his ball. I call that mean."

"But it came into my garden," protested the Ogre. "I had a right to keep it."

"You hadn't," exclaimed the small boy; "you hadn't any right. Jack bought the ball with his very own money, and you stole it."

The Ogre blushed beneath his sunburn.

"Yes," repeated his tormentor, impressively, "you stole it! And mother says it's wrong to steal. Perhaps, though," he added, suddenly, "you haven't been told that; perhaps ogres don't have mothers. Do they?"

A far-off memory of a little fellow hardly older than this one, saying his prayers at the knee of a sweet-faced, gentle woman he called "mother" rose before the Colonel's mind, and his voice faltered as he answered slowly:

"I had a mother once; but she is dead; she died long, long ago;" and a mist rose before his eyes, and he was obliged to rub his gold-rimmed eyeglasses with his handkerchief.

A little hand was laid on his arm, and a little voice cried sorrowfully:

"Poor, poor Ogre! Don't cry, please. Of course you are cross if you have no mother; for she can't comfort you if you are sad. But Jack won't mind when I tell him; so, please don't cry."

And as the Colonel stooped to pick up his fallen cigar, a pair of soft childish arms were pressed round his neck and a warm kiss was imprinted on his rugged cheek.

He raised the child in his arms, and said softly:

"Never mind, little one; you shall comfort me. Will you be my friend?" And then, as the tightened clasp of the hands round his neck told of the child's acquiescence, he continued: "Here is brother Jack's ball. Give it to him from me, and tell him I am sorry I was cross, but I am only a gruff old Ogre who doesn't know any better. And now," he added, "will you stay and talk to me a bit?"

The child nodded; and setting him down on the ground, the Colonel walked along beside him, becoming every moment more astonished at himself for being interested by the childish prattle of his companion, whose name, he learned, was Norman Francis Tracy—"After grand-papa," the boy added, proudly. He was just in the midst of a story of their aunt's cat, "who is called Manky 'cause she's got no tail," when the garden gate opened and a tall lady-like girl came quickly up the path. It was Miss Grant, who, on her return, had found all the children in a great state of excitement, for they said "Norman had gone to the Ogre's, and had never come back." They implored Miss Grant to go and see what had happened at once, "or he may be half-roasted," they cried; for, having retired in-doors on Jack's return, they knew nothing of what was happening.

Poor Miss Grant looked aghast; not that she imagined that the child would

come to any harm, but the idea of his going to Colonel Chalmers and bothering him was a dreadful one. So, depositing her parcels, she rushed off, then and there, to the "enchanted castle," as the children called it.

The Colonel looked rather alarmed as he saw a fresh visitor approaching. Had Miss Sophia or Miss Janet been at home, he would probably have rushed in-doors for them; but, unfortunately, they were both out calling, and as he couldn't leave a lady standing in the middle of his path without addressing her, he advanced courteously, hat in hand, toward her, hardly reassured by Norman's whispering:

"It's only Miss Grant; she's come for me."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," exclaimed his visitor, almost as much disconcerted at the sight of the renowned Ogre as he was at the sight of her. "I have been out; and when I came home the children told me that Norman had come here. I am so sorry he should have troubled you;" and she looked reproachfully at the culprit, who looked up penitently.

"Did I bother you?" he inquired.

"Not at all—not at all," returned the Colonel, patting the dark head reassuringly. "I assure you, madam," he continued, turning to Miss Grant, "I have enjoyed having him immensely. He is quite a companion."

"It is very kind of you to say so," answered the girl. "I was afraid he had been in your way. No; I won't come in, thank you," in reply to the Colonel's polite invitation to come in and rest. "It is time for tea, and I must be quick. Come, Norman."

The Colonel bent down. "Well, good-bye, little man," he said, kindly. "Come and see me again, soon, eh? Perhaps mother will let you come to tea with me to-morrow and bring Master Jack, too. May they, d'you think?"

This to Miss Grant, who was waiting

very much astonished at the sight of the Ogre allowing Norman to kiss him, and not only allowing but evidently enjoying the process.

"Oh! certainly," she answered, "if you care to have them."

The Ogre walked to the gate with them, and as he bade them good-bye, he said suddenly:

"I hope my sisters will call on you all soon." Then, lifting his hat, he retreated into his garden, saying to himself, as he walked slowly up the path: "Nice girl, that, very—a sensible nice girl."

His sisters on their return were electrified by his announcing, casually, that he had invited some boys to tea the next day. "And you'll have to get some cake or jam or something," he added; "for I believe that is what children eat."

Miss Sophia paused in the midst of pouring out the tea and gazed in astonishment at her brother.

"Do you feel quite well, Frederick, my dear?" inquired the elder lady, while her sister looked anxiously at his eyes, to see if they were rolling insanely.

It was the Colonel's turn to look amazed.

"Quite well?" he echoed. "Of course I feel quite well. Why shouldn't I? Sophia, I should like my tea, if you please. Why shouldn't I feel well?" he continued.

"Of course there's no reason why you should not," replied Miss Janet; "only, it's very odd, you know;" and the two sisters looked despairingly at each other.

Their brother stared. "Well," he said, at length, a grim smile playing over his features, "it is odd, I suppose. But you see, I didn't know before how nice boys were."

Whatever their feelings were upon the niceness of boys in general, his sisters did not express them; and greeted the boys very kindly when they appeared the next evening washed and brushed into a state of Sunday tidiness; and, certainly, the little fellows, when the first shyness wore

off, were very amusing. They told their hosts that "mother" had gone away for a fortnight, and they were afraid Miss Grant found it very dull at home. "We don't know many people, you see," Jack explained, "and, of course, she must get tired of talking to us, sometimes."

When Miss Janet had taken the boys into the dining-room to get some cake before going home, the Colonel turned to Miss Sophia.

"You had better ask that girl in here, sometimes," he said, quietly; "it would do her good."

"But I thought you objected to girls?" exclaimed his sister.

"Not to girls like that. I don't like old women. Besides, I can go to my study when I like."

The result of this was that Leslie Grant, as she was called, became a frequent visitor at the enchanted castle, and very soon shared the boys' opinion that the Colonel was "an old buck," and his sisters "two of the jolliest old girls in the world." Indeed, when Mrs. Tracy came home, she was very much astonished at the degree of intimacy which had sprung up between her family and the neighbors. So great, indeed, had this intimacy become, that when Colonel Chalmers was tied to the fireside with a bad cold, the children were always running in with little gifts and words of consolation; while the two sisters found Leslie's help invaluable in the matter of chess-playing, reading aloud, and otherwise amusing the invalid, who gradually came to look for her coming, and to feel that she was as necessary to his comfort as his sisters. He never owned this feeling even to himself, for he would have considered it disloyal to those two good sisters who were so devoted to him.

The winter drew to an end. The Colonel's cold had departed, but his affection for the children did not vanish with the snow. They were so constantly running in there that Mrs. Tracy grew

quite uneasy lest they should worry the Chalmerses, and Miss Sophia could hardly persuade her that they enjoyed having them. "Dear Frederick" was so much brighter since he had known them, she assured her; and, indeed, no one would have believed that the courteous, pleasant man who sat chatting with the four ladies almost every evening was the same man as the Frederick Chalmers of a year ago.

One morning, as he sat reading his papers and letters at the breakfast table, he looked up, saying:

"Here, Sophia; I've got a note from Geoffrey. He is coming here for his furlough, if we can have him. Shall I write and tell him to come."

"Of course, my dear Frederick," replied his sister. "I see no reason why he should not come. We are quite prepared to have him."

And thus it came to pass that a few days later, when Leslie came in, in the evening, to speak to Miss Sophia, she found a tall, handsome youth seated on the drawing-room sofa. She was rather surprised, and began retreating toward the door.

"I thought Miss Sophia was here," she said, hastily.

But the young soldiers sprang up, saying:

"Pray, don't go. Allow me to call Cousin Sophia for you." Then, as the light from the lamp fell on the girl's face and figure, he exclaimed, joyfully: "Why, it's Mary's friend, Miss Grant, isn't it?"

"Mr. Markham!" exclaimed Leslie. "This is indeed a surprise. How did you come here?"

"By the train," he replied, gayly. "The fact is, Mary is away, and so, having no one to go to, I volunteered a visit to my cousins—at least my mother's cousins they are really. I'm awfully glad I came, though," he continued.

"Oh!" said Leslie, demurely; and at that moment the door opened and Miss Sophia came in.

"I hope, my dear Geoffrey," she began but catching sight of Leslie, she stopped. "Has my cousin been introducing himself?" she inquired, pleasantly.

"Oh! no," answered the young man; "we are old friends. Aren't we, Miss Grant?"

"Very," returned Leslie, smiling; and then, seeing the look of surprise on Miss Sophia's face, she explained that she and Mary Markham had always been great friends, and thus she had become acquainted with Mary's brother, Geoffrey. Then, having delivered her message from Mrs. Tracy, she went off home, to ponder over the strange chance which had brought her old friend and playfellow into her neighborhood.

Of course, after this the intercourse between the two houses became greater than ever. The Colonel was a great gardener, and he used to go out long rambling walks with his cousin in search of rare ferns or plants, and very often Miss Grant and her charges were of the party. Needless to say, the children stuck by their friend the Colonel, and thus their governess was forced to accept the companionship of Geoffrey.

The Winchester ladies said Mrs. Tracy was very wrong in letting her children torment "that poor Colonel Chalmers," while they strongly disapproved of the "fast conduct of that Miss Grant" in going out so often with two gentlemen; and they sincerely pitied "those poor dear Miss Chalmerses for having such an eccentric brother—such a peculiar man, my dear! Used to hate women, now positively worships them."

Had the Winchester ladies seen the adoring glances which Geoffrey cast at Leslie when no one was looking, not even herself—had they seen the girl's happy smile as she sat at night by her bedroom window and recalled the hundred little tokens of a certain person's admiration, they would probably have been still more horrified. The fact of the matter was

that Geoffrey was growing more and more in love every day. He had always secretly admired his sister's friend; but by the time his furlough was drawing to an end he knew that he loved her honestly and sincerely, and he could not bear the idea of going away without knowing his fate. So one day at dinner he announced casually that he would run in next door to take Norman some soldiers he had promised him and to borrow a song from Mrs. Tracy. "I sha'n't be very long, I don't suppose," he added, as he donned his hat, and the next moment he was gone.

About an hour after this Colonel Chalmers suddenly bethought himself that he ought to give Mrs. Tracy a book he had promised her; and not caring to trust the work, a valuable one, to the servants, he strolled across himself. "Mrs. Tracy in?" he inquired. "Yes; in the drawing-room, sir," replied the maid. "Oh! well; I'll just take this up myself," and he ascended the softly-carpeted stair to the first floor. The drawing-room door was slightly open, and lifting the heavy crimson *portière*, he glanced in to see if Mrs. Tracy were indeed there. But the sight which met his eyes drove all thoughts of Mrs. Tracy and her book from his mind; for there, standing with their backs to the door and thus unable to see the intruder, were Geoffrey and Leslie. The head of the young man was bent over the fair girlish one which leaned trustfully against his shoulder, and a low whispered "My darling, do you really and truly love me?" smote on the ear of the astonished Colonel. He did not wait for the answer—that was legible enough in the attitude of the bent golden head, and in the movement of a little white hand into the strong brown one near it. Softly he let fall the curtain and turned toward the stairs with a half-stunned feeling, for that short glimpse had shown him that for him at least the world only contained one woman, and she was the affianced of another.

"Fool, dolt that I have been!" he mur-

mured as he turned down the garden path. "Why did I let her think me nothing but a crusty old bachelor. Why, oh! why didn't I find out how dear she was before Geoffrey came between us?"

By the time he reached home, after a wild and apparently aimless walk, he had come to view the matter from a more rational point, and although his heart was aching as much as ever, he yet managed to summon up a smile and a gruff "Wish you joy, lad," when his cousin came to him with the good news.

But he did not stay in Winchester; he felt he couldn't; and when, a day or so afterward, he found Miss Sophia suffering from her old enemy, rheumatism, he declared that it would be a good plan for them all three to go off to some German baths. So naturally did he make the proposal that no one except Miss Janet suspected anything; and she having suffered the same sorrow in her time, probably had sharper eyes than the rest.

Very sorry were the children to bid good-bye to their old friend, whom they were never to see again; for about a month afterward they got a letter from Miss Janet telling them that "dear Frederick" had passed away, the cause of his death being a cold which had attacked his lungs. To the utter surprise of all Winchester, and of the Miss Chalmers themselves, it was found that after legacies to one or two people, and the sum of twenty thousand dollars to each of his sisters, the bulk of Colonel Chalmers's fortune, which was not inconsiderable, was bequeathed to Leslie Grant, to be by her received on the day she married Geoffrey Markham.

Only Miss Janet, by the light of past experience, read between the lines of this unexpected will, and very tender was she to the girl her brother had loved. It was she who, at her own request, arrayed the girl in her glistening bridal dress when about a year later Geoffrey led her, a

happy and contented bride, to the altar of St. Martin's, Winchester; and it was she who, when the ceremony was over, gathered up a few of the flowers which had carpeted the bride's path and placed

them secretly upon a quiet grave in the churchyard hard by, two or three tears trickling down upon their snowy petals as she thought lovingly of "Brother Frederick."

INFLUENCE. Men should influence one another in their business and their homes, in the intercourse of chance acquaintance and the close ties of friendship. This it is that keeps them from growing narrow and bigoted in their own opinions and draws them together in love, in friendship, in a common patriotism and a human brotherhood. But this constant influence needs to be balanced by a firm individuality, a manly self-respect, and a steady adherence to the principles that appeal to each one's sense of right. Therefore, unless there are times when the man retires voluntarily from all human sight, where no public or private pressure can sway him, and where his own thoughts, his own feelings, his own conscience may assert themselves, unre-buked and unassisted, he can never preserve that personality which is or should be the core of his being.

EXTERNAL CIRCUMSTANCES. Man's highest merit always is as much as possible to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect; he deserves not the name of an architect except when out of this fortuitous mass he can combine with the greatest economy and fitness and durability some form the pattern of which originated in his spirit. All things without us are mere elements, but deep within us lies the creative force which out of these can produce what they were meant to be, and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest till in one way or another it has been produced.

"OF NO USE." Many persons complain that their powers are so small, their education is so limited, their means are so circumscribed they cannot hope to be of any use in the world. Let such take courage. No one is so powerless that he cannot in some way strengthen the hands of another; no one is so dull that he cannot help another to shine; no one's life is so small that he cannot make some other life greater. And in those other lives which the humble and earnest man has aided to build up he will find his own life grow richer and fuller. Everything done for others, with the desire of doing good to them and to the world, will react upon the doer, bringing to him its own satisfaction and the reward of a good conscience.

UNSELFISHNESS. There are three kinds of unselfishness, that which springs from a sense of duty, that which springs from a natural benevolence toward one's species, and that which springs from love. The first of these is a conscious unselfishness; the second is so in a less degree; but the third may be and very often is unconscious of itself altogether. None the less it needs to be dragged into the light now and then, and carefully examined, lest it, too, beautiful though it is, should degenerate then and there into something not very far removed from its opposite.

LIFE is to be measured by action, not by time. A man may die old at thirty, and young at eighty—nay, the one lives after death and the other perished before he died.

DAN'S WIFE.

YES, sir; I reckon I can tell you all about it, as you ast me so kind, and own up so straight-fo'ward how as you want to put it in prent. I useter think I wouldn't be put in the papers fur the world 'n' all; -but maybe I'd oughter not feel that er way. For it may help some pore woman who's er strugglin' on lack I wuz—when she hears how much wuss off some folks is than her.

When'd my troubles begin, you say? They begun 'way back yonder when Dan an' me fust kept comp'ny. You see, my folks never could be made to believe that Dan wuz good 'nough for me. But he wuz—he allus wuz.

Brother Jim fretted an' pap worried whenever he come sparkin' me. At last, when Gabe Golightly quit tyin' his gray mule to our hick'ry saplin' er Sundays, pap ast me what fur. An' I told him I had answered Gabe it warn't no use. Then he up an' lowed he'd cert'n'y tell that ornery Dan Owens it warn't no use, an' ef he come scoutin' 'round after'ds, he'd be takin' a sight er reaks.

I never seen Dan no more fur three month, exceptin' twice at the Hard Shell Church—New Bethursdy, an' then I dassent but jest glimpse him. But one evenin' in April, when I went to let Dun Mary in, she warn't at the bars, so I had to go down to the pastur'. "Co', wench, co', co'," I called over 'n' over, but no Dun Mary answered. She must 'er went home with Seddonses old Spot, I 'lowed. I don' know what ever made Dun Mary take up with a critter b'longin' to sech traah as the Seddonses. That cantankerous Sal 'ud allus milk her and then her sanctey moneyous John 'ud drive her

home, ez ef he 'uz doin' a deed that 'ud help him to a better world.

Well, it 'uz mighty sweet down in the pastur's that evenin', sort er soft and mild-like, with the tree frogs callin' kriss-kross, an' the pussy-willers wavin' an' the new grass greenin' the south slopes, an' the poplars 'long the branch standin' out, kinder proud uv their new leaves, with the rest uv the trees jest buddin'. I stopped to pull a han'ful uv gran' sir' gray-beard, to show Aunt Liz how early it was danglin' its tarsels. But if the bush had er hollered when I broke it off, I couldn't er been more surprised than I wuz when somebody said, "Good evenin', Milly." I fell er tremblin' so I couldn't hardly say, "Howdy, Dan?"

I couldn't tell you all he said to me in them few minutes. But when he let down the bars an' left me, I'd give him my word that I'd forsake all the rest in the worl' 'n' go with him. I'd had plenty uv time to find out that I'd allus be powerful lonesome an' fo'lo'n-like 'thout Dan.

I shed a many tear that night, and tried to tromp on my selfish feelin's an' to see 'twuz right fer me to send Dan away 'thout me. I couldn't think how pap 'n' the boys 'ud ever have any fitten clo'es when I warn't there to fix 'em. Aunt Liz wuz too old fur that sort uv work. An' my pore heart fairly honed fur little Bessie; how could I leave her? You see, ma had died when the baby wuz a little bitsy thing, an' Aunt Liz an' me had raised her now to be a right smart chunk uv a gal, an' as peart and good-tempered a little thing as I'd ever saw.

But bimeby I comforted myself by sayin' that when Dan an' me got well

fixed—maybe by next year—pap 'ud give in, an' then we'd have Bess with us all the time. Aunt Liz 'ud come visitin' us, an' pap, too, an' the boys, sometimes. An' they'd all own up as how I'd knowed my happiness better'n they did.

So sunrise found me 'n' Dan at the jestice's house, and we wuz j'ined, and went straight to the station, and taken the early train to come to Georgy. Then I breathed freer, fur I knowed pap hadn't got the track uv us. But I warn't quite happy yet. An' I never have been. But I loved Dan, an' I knowed then—as I've allus knowed sence—that I'd rather be oncomfortable with Dan than to live in peace and plenty without him.

I can't go through all them years. Dan's uncle done what he'd promised, an' more too. He let us have a nice little house to live in, an' supplies uv ever'thing needful from his store, where Dan wuz clerkin'. There was nothin' lackin' now to make me plum' happy but a few kind words from my home-folks. But I never got 'em. When I wrote an' begged pap to forgive me, and told him what a good man I had, an' what a pleasant home, he sent back some lines that almost broke my heart. After twelve year, I can shut my eyes an' read 'em now—a starin' out at me from the blue paper.

"Forgive you? Forgive a dorter uv mine that's went an' married a thief an' a liar? A rascal what stole from Drake's drawer the very money that paid fur yer tickets to Georgy, an' nothin' to keep him out of the chain-gang now but Drake er tryin' to hush the matter up because he's got respect fur the name uv the fambly he married into? Forgive you I never will! I'd shoot Bess to-day through the heart ef I thought she'd ever sink ez low ez you. But ther' shorely can't be more 'n one sech disgrace fur an honest fambly. I lay these commandments on you fur the rest uv yer born days: Don't never dare to tell no man, nor woman, nor child who was yer pa nor ma, an' don't never dare

to lay eyes on me nor yer Aunt Liz nor yer brothers, nor Bess, nor to write to one uv us ag'in!"

Don't them words sound hard to you? I hid 'em from Dan—hid the hard words an' my misery, too—ez far ez I could. I wuz afraid uv his rashness; I knowed Drake had lied to pap, but I knowed besides pap 'ud never give us a chance to prove it—'ud keep his word in bitterness an' wroth. It seemed more'n I could bear. But I've kept them commandments to this day.

After that Dan wuz dearer to me than ever, an' I worked harder every day in our little home. An' when our Roxy wuz two year old, and baby Dan wuz er growin' powerful, an' gittin' a load fur my arms, my heart didn't seem so heavy. To be shore, we hadn't saved anything—not even enough to buy the house we lived in, that his uncle had put down so cheap fur us. I know Dan tried to save, but somehow the money jest would go. An' then he got diskerriged and 'ud stay out late at night sometimes with a lot of bad men, an' come stumblin' in smellin' uv Johnson's mean whisky, an' he'd be all out of sorts next mornin'. But I never minded what he said to me when he uz that er way; he never meant it. He was allus good to me when he wuz sober, an' I know he tried to keep sober all the time.

Well, ez I wuz sayin', that third spring after we wuz married, I was gittin' lighter-hearted. Roxy an' little Dan wuz both ez good ez good, an' their pa set a powerful store by 'em. It made me contented enough to see him pitch baby to his shoulder, an' little Roxy trottin' 'long and grabbing at his britches, an' sayin', "Woxy lub pa, too!" an' then he'd look down so lovin' at her, and come and put Danny in my arms, and maybe gimme a kiss as he done it, an' take Roxy up. 'Twuz the brigstest time I ever saw, an' I wuz gittin' over the hurt uv Drake's slander, an' prayin' an' believin' ez pap 'ud know the right sometimes,

an' come an' bring Bessie to see me an' my chillern an' take back all them hard words. Maybe I warn't happy, but it 'pears to me this mornin' lack I'd give ever'thing the world's got ef I could live them days over again onced more.

But in the summer my man begun to look down-hearted an' allin', an' I dreaded the fever fur him. He stayed out later 'n later with that bad lot at Johnson's, an' wuz rougher-spoken to me ever'time, an' my heart turned to lead ag'in. At last one sweltry day, the last uv August, he come in an hour or two befo' dinner (he hadn't gone to the store till purty late on account or bein' up half the night), an' throwed hisself flatter his back acrost my bed, laid like a man in a stupor till late in the evenin'. I didn't rouse him up for dinner, fur I thought ez how his head wuz mighty bad, ez it frekently wuz after them turrible nights, an' I kep' the chillern out in the kitchen all the time, fur I didn't want him to rouse up an' cuss about the noise. But when I listened at the door about four o'clock, I heerd him moanin' an' groanin'; an' I went in and said, "Dan, can't I make you some coffee now?"

To my wonderment, he didn't speak rough a bit, but said, "Yes," kinder soft like. I fetched it to him ez quick ez I could, an' some hot buttered hoecake, made outer new groun' meal, an' sot down by him while he et it. Terectly he pushed the things aside an' up an' sez: "Milly, you're too good to me. Why don't you leave me? I'm a sneakin' no 'count rascal, an' I want you to know the truth about me this time, so you'll never b'lieve in me no more. I've brought you an' the little uns into a peck uv trouble, an' now I want to tell you all about it, an' let you see ther' warn't no excuse fur me." He put both hands to his head, an' groaned so pitiful that I wouldn't let him talk another bit right then, but made him lay down while I drewed a bucket uv fresh water, an' cooled his hot head an'

face. About sundown he dropped off into a easy sleep. I put Roxy an' Danny to bed, an' waited long hours fur him to wake up an' tell me all he'd started to. But he slep' on, an' bimeby, bein' ez I wuz so tired, I dropped to sleep, too, an' never woke up till baby Dan wuz er gooin' an' grabbin' at the sunshine, an' kinkin' his fat toes. I jumped out uv bed, fur my man's place wuz empty; it wuz the first time he'd ever got up an' left 'thout wakin' me. But in a little while he wuz back, an' his uncle wuz with him. "Milly," sez he, "I've brought Uncle Bill to tell you what a dog I've been. I couldn't tell you myself." An' then he went into our room an' fastened the door, an' left his Uncle Bill an' me er lookin' at one er nother.

"Don't you tell me nothin' agin Dan," I cried out; "I won't listen to it. Ef he's done any wrong he didn't mean to; it's all along uv them mean men that tolls him off with their cards an' their pizen licker. His heart's allus in the right place; he's allus good to me."

His uncle looked lack a rock ez he said:

"No, Milly, he aint good to you; if he wuz, he'd live a squar' life fur you an' the chillern. He's deceived an' injured me might'ly. I won't tell you about it, ef you won't listen, but I hope he'll make a clean breast uv it to you; that might be a long pull toward reform."

"Oh! can't you forgive him this time?" I begged.

"I've done forgive him more times than you 'low," he said. "I can forgive him this time, too, but I can't trust him this time, Milly, not even fur you an' the chillern. There's one thing that I'll do fur you that I'd not do fur him alone—I'll pay your way to Kansas, an' he can start new out there."

Well, I never ast Dan about his trouble with his uncle, an' I reckon he allus thought his uncle had told me. But I loved him better'n ever; I felt fur him

now ez I would fur one uv my own chillern that 'ud hurt the'selves.

We moved away to Kansas, an' I tried the hardest in the world to make it seem lack home in our claim shanty. An' Dan worked ez ef he'd shore 'nough started new, an' wuzn't er goin' to be floored this time by underhanded circumstances. An' we might er done well there an' made somethin', an' raised our chillern to be proud uv their name, ef it hadn't er been fur that pestiferous climate. Things wuz beginnin' to look promisin', when Dan got down, an' then little Dan; they had that awful malary.

When they'd got up an' we'd struggled on another year, with some uv us aillin' more nor less all the time, an' Dan drinkin' hard enough to kill him, our darlin' Roxy wuz suddenly tuck mighty sick, an' most before we had time to pray she wuz gone from us. Over her precious little grave Dan kissed me and solemnly vowed he'd never tech another drop. An' he'd er kep' that vow ef ever'thing hadn't er went agin him like it did. He did keep it a long time.

I wuz sick fur four month after Roxy wuz tuck away, an' the two little uns younger'n Danny seemed ez ef they'd never be well ag'in. It wuz then Dan wrote to his Uncle Bill, an' told him all our troubles, an' he sent us money to come back to Georgy on, an' put us on this little farm uv his'n, where we've been ever sence. It's the desolatest, Godforsakenest place I ever seen, an' the farthest away from ever'where, an' a mighty pore house, with jest this big room an' them two sheds; but it's welcome enough after Kansas, an' it's healthy, an' the winds don't freeze you in winter and parch you in summer lack they do out there.

But lots er things wuz hard on Dan. He never did quite git over that cotton chopper. You mought er heerd about it.

Well, I don't lack to blame it on that slack-twisted, pesky Maginty; the

shabby critter's got enough to bear now. But he sartinly did tell Mr. Winthrop all the p'int about the cotton chopper Dan'd got most invented, and had misconfidently showed to Maginty one Sunday evenin' before he went to take a job with Winthrop, what had invented so many hoes an' fixin's, and a gin. Well, a few month after Maginty left, an' Dan's uncle wuz er goin' to loan him the money to go to Washin'ton on, to git the paten' on this cotton chopper, we heerd Mr. Winthrop had got er improved paten' on his old un, an' wuz scoopin' in the money fur it. Dan mistrusted might'ly somethin' wuz wrong, an' shore 'nough, come to find out, it had all the p'int uv his'n. Then he smashed his'n all to pieces; but he didn't cuss much.

An' then, one bitter night when he'd been haulin' his cotton to the town, an' come back by Johnson's about nine o'clock, the cold outside an' the bright fire an' the laughin' an' talkin' inside wuz too much for his strength. My pore Dan! That very night he got in a quarrel with Sam Day over bad whisky; and Sam drewed his pistol on him, an' Dan hit him in the head with a light'ood knot, and killed him on the spot. Maybe you can think what I suffered fur the next two year better'n I can tell you. An', though my man wuz cleared at last, because he jest acted in self-defense, yet some folks I could name had a grudge agin him from that day on.

We never had another streak uv luck after that. Ever'thing, an' nearly everbody was agin him an' me. His Uncle Bill done what he could fur us, but he wuz er gittin' old, and had lost a heap in property in the last few year. Things went from bad to wuss now. I didn't git strong, an' that stitch in my side kep' er botherin'. We had then five little uns to feed an' clothe. Then come that awful time last year, when they accused my Dan uv helpin' that scoundrelly nigger to break open Mincher's store. I know evi-

dence went agin him—it allus did in ever'thing—but he wuz ez innocent ez my little Bill. We needed the things bad enough, the Lord knows! but he *couldn't* er done that. It made me mad all through to think ez how nearly ever'-body believed that lyin' evidence.

There warn't no word uv truth in the whole thing, 'ceptin' when pore Lige Hatton riz up, all er trimble, an' testified he'd never knowed Dan to do nothin' wrong, but he'd many er time saw him take er eight-penny nail an' break it atween his thumb an' forefingers. They made a big to-do out uv that—lack ez ef 'twuz hefty proof he'd smash a man's store-door an' tote off ha'f er dozen shoulders an' middlin's, an' a bolt uv auzumburg, an' caliker!

But you know all about that; the papers wuz full uv it, they told me. An' how ez they made what they call a *mis-trial*; that wuz because there wuz one true man on the jury, an' he never would give in. 'Twuz then his Uncle Bill showed hisself true-blue; he got three men to go bond an' my Dan come home ag'in from that pizen jail. An' we had a few months together that made me think we might be happy yet; fur I'd never sot ez much store by him before. Ez the time fur his next trial come a-near, he seemed to git cheerfuller; fur the lawyers his Uncle Bill had hired wuz workin' lack beavers, an' they give him an' me a night uv comfort. Jest the week before court Square Dillon had a long talk with my man, an' ez he mounted I come to the door, an' he lifted up his hat an' sez: "Rest easy, Mrs. Owens; right'll prevail. We'll send Mr. Owens back to you next week ready to make the finest crap in the country." Then he bowed perlutely an' rid off, an' I went in with a lighter heart than I'd had in my bosom in seven year.

That night, after supper, Dan help me git the chillern ready fur bed, an' whistled the baby to sleep—he wuz a

powerful fine whistler, Dan wuz—an' then come tip-toein' to my cheer ez our little Mary knelt down to say her, "Now I lay me." When she said: "Dod bress pa, an' p'ease tate tare uv him fur ma an' us chillern," Dan's hand slipped to my shoulder, an' I wuz mighty nigh happy. I put little Mary (I call her Bessie allus when there's nobody to hear) to bed; an' at last Danny trotted off; he's ten year old now, an' helpful an' stiddy, you can't think. Then Dan pulled off his coat an' shoes, an' we sot down by the smold'rin' fire, an' talked a long spell. I remember ever' word he said. I oughter, fur they're all I've got now. Prime among 'em wuz this—he 'er hold-in' my hand:

"Milly, ef I can jest git over this tough place, I'm er goin' to change my life an' make you see a little happiness, an' I'll live so the chillern won't hear of this. We'll go to that place in Missouri that Uncle Bill's talkin' to me about, an' I'll make one more start, an' be somebody. I will, Milly; fur you've been a good wife to me, an' you're deservin' uv a lots better man, an' I'll be a better un fur you."

We wuz quiet a long time then, fur I wuz cryin', easy-like, so ez not to worry him; but I warn't cryin' fur misery.

All at onced we heerd a call, "Hello!" an' Dan went to the door in his socks an' shirt sleeves. I followed him er tip-toe. A man on foot wuz standin' down yonder in the road. We could see his figger plain enough in the moonshine, though 'twuz a new moon, an' purty low, but he had his hat slouched clean down over his face. "Which er way to Gray's?" sez he, ez Dan stood on the steps, an' he told him. "Hey?" sez the man, lack he wuz a little deaf, an' Dan—my Dan—allus too good-hearted, started down the steps to git closer to him. Jest then I heerd a stick snap, an' I stepped yonder to that winder to look out. Oh! my mercy! what did I see but two men er peepin' out from be-

hine that big white-oak, with guns in their han's, an' another ha'f hid behine that chany-berry, an' er nother, with a do' face on, wuz er p'intin' his rifle straight at Dan. I hollered an' flew to the door, but that very second there come a stunnin' sound, an' then the death-groan uv my Dan! When I got down the steps an' lifted his head to my lap he wuz gone. O my God! I wisht I could kill out the rickerlection uv that night.

Wuz that last week, or last year? I can't 'count time much now, 'specially sence I've lived over thirteen year with you this mornin'.

Do you think I know who them men wuz, you say? I know ever' one uv 'em, shore ez daylight, but I wouldn't open my lips to name 'em, for their sin'll find 'em out soon enough, pore critters.

Motive? Why because they had a mean grudge agin him, an' they knowed he 'uz goin' to be cleared.

Yes, they got sympathy enough. Fur lots uv folks b'lieved my Dan wuz a low-lived, onprincipled feller an' disserved what he got, an' it wuz a fine thing to rid the neighborhood uv him. I know how they feel, ez true ez if they'd er told me.

But they're wrong, wrong! He wuz a good man; he never wuz mean. But ever'thing wuz allus agin him—allus.

I've had a hard life you say, an' would I choose differ'nt ef 'twuz to do over? No, no, no! I'd choose Dan a hundred times, with all our trouble. Maybe it'll come right up yonder, where Dan an' little Roxy is—see where them shinin' clouds is partin' lack gates openin', with jest a dazzle beyond 'em?

A SONG.

A SEA-BIRD silver white,
Twirling with mad delight,
'Gainst summer sky;
Swift gleam on high—

It comes to me;

A beacon burning bright,
A guide-star in the night,
A song full glad,
No note that's sad—

My love for thee.

All beautiful and fair,
All bright and free from care;
A rest when day is o'er,
A joy, a joy, and more—

It is to me;

A quiver in the air,
A tender sighing there;
As from these soft swept strings,
Into new life it springs—

My love for thee.

THE VAGARIES OF FATE.

"GOOD-MORNIN', Miss Barker! Fine mornin' for this time o' year; a little frosty, but one must expect that. What'll you hev—a pint or a quart o' milk?"

"A pint's enough; I'm away a good deal."

"Jess so; it makes a sight o' difference. Mebbe you aint heered the news this mornin'?"

"No; I aint seen a livin' soul to speak to, 'fore you. What has happened now?"

"The 'Squire's wife she's dead! Just took herself off about daylight, as quiet an' unexpected as—as anything."

"You don't say! Why, the poor woman!"

"Jess so, Miss Barker! Jess what I says to mys'lf, says I; 'mebbe she's felt wuss all along than folks has give her credit for, seein' she's been so fat an' fresh-lookin'.' Anyhow, it's a dretful sollum thing for the 'Squire; an' it orto be a warnin' to the hull on us. Well, well, I mustn't stop gadderin' here, an' keep folkses waitin' for milk to put in their coffees. Good-mornin'!"

The sociable milkman drove on, and Miss Barker, feeling faint and weak, set her pitcher on the table, and regardless of her waiting breakfast, sank down in a chair.

"The 'Squire's wife dead!—she that was pretty Amy Hildred; poor thing, poor, unfortunate thing!" sighed Miss Barker, and then her thoughts went back into long-past years—which held the only romance of her life—and came down slowly to the present; but at last the striking of the clock roused her to action.

"Deary me! here I set an' my breakfast all cold. I'll be late to my sewin',

too. I wish I hadn't got to go to Mis' Burr's to-day, for I know just how she'll talk; she don't re'ly mean no hurt, neither."

An hour after the little dressmaker, with patterns and scissors, was settling herself to work in Mrs. Burr's sitting-room, and listening to a perfect torrent of words.

"And to think that none of the neighbors knowed poor Mis' Story was any worse'n usual; the doctor was sent for 'long about midnight, an' by five o'clock she was gone. I don't know when there's been such a sudden death before; an' to think of it's bein' the 'Squire's wife, too. 'Pears to me it must be a powerful shock to you, Millie!"

"Yes, of course; any death would, comin' so unlooked for. How'll you have this basque made, Mis' Burr—round back or p'inted?"

"Oh! I don't know as I re'ly mind; whichever is the most fashionable; you know better'n I do; but as I was a-sayin', I should think it would kind o' stir you all up, seein' it was her that cut you out with the 'Squire. I aint never re'ly felt to forgive her, an' it wasn't none o' my concerns neither, only as I took up for you; but of course we've got to forgive an' forgit, now, for I aint onfeelin' enough to lay up nothin' agin the dead. But, do you know, Millie, I can't help the notion that it's a sort of—well, I won't say judgment, but a recompense. Howsomever, the 'Squire aint got nothin' to reproach himself with about her, for if ever a man did his duty by a woman, he has by her; everything she wanted was got, an' the way he waited on her beat all, an' he's jest the patienest man, too!"

And so the day wore on. The neighbors came in to talk it over, and Miss

Barker felt her cheeks burn and her hands tremble at some of the remarks, which even took the form of coarse jokes about the past and prophesies as to her chances in the future.

"You must a-had a sort o' forewarnin' o' this, Millie," said one, "when you give the cold shoulder to Silas Blake; we all thought you was dretful foolish to let that opportunity slip, gittin' along in years as you be an' no relations to look out fer ye; but, mebbe it'll turn out to be the nicest action you ever did after all."

And in the great house on the hill a lonely man wandered restlessly from room to room, while in her darkened chamber lay the recent mistress. Pretty Amy, she had been called in her youth, but her girlish pink-and-white beauty had early faded, the lissome form had grown stout, and her clinging, pathetic, appealing manner had long ago turned to querulousness.

"Poor Amy! she's had a good deal to try her," said her husband, seeking to find excuse for her exactions, "an' she hasn't been a real well woman in years, Amy hasn't."

Her disease was enlargement of the heart, the doctor said, and as the neighbors repeated it in awe-struck tones to each other, they, too, were fain to make excuses for her, and would have been glad to recall some of their caustic remarks as to her slackness and love for a rocking-chair and a novel, while the house and dairy-work was left to the careless hands of hired girls.

But it was all over now, and the record for good or ill was closed. From far and near people came to the funeral, which was held in church, and as the minister, in impassioned tones, eulogized the departed, his listeners felt, more than ever, their own shortcomings and blindness. Truly an angel had walked with and dwelt among them unawares!

Then the dead woman, in her costly robe and casket, was borne up to the

cemetery, and laid beside her two children who had tarried in the stately home just long enough to leave a terrible blank when they departed, and to have names to be written on tiny headstones.

The 'Squire had been wont to go and sit beside the little graves on pleasant Sunday afternoons, and, while absently pulling the long grasses through his fingers, would try to imagine how it would seem if they had lived to fill the lonely house with childish noise and chatter. Then he would pick a rose or pink perhaps, to carry home with him, and sigh, and say, "Poor Amy!" with a feeling as if he and the world and fate had somehow used her hardly, and could never make amends.

"A dreadfully mismatched couple!" one keen student of human nature had said; "his nature so deep and tender, and hers so shallow and commonplace and selfish."

But let her rest in peace. Whatever she had been, or had not been, she had now won the sacred right to respectful memory; and her husband went to his desolate home to sit the long evening through with his faithful dog beside him, while the hired girl and man talked in subdued yet cheerful tones out in the kitchen.

And in the little cottage down in the village Miss Barker sat and worked button-holes, and thought of the past, and of the present; but, good, true little woman as she was, not of the future, for all the suggestions of her friends.

Twenty years before she and the 'Squire—then John Story—had been lovers. They had seemed to belong to each other since the time they began to go to school together, when he always brought her some treat, and chose her for his partner in every childish game; and, later, it was an understood thing among all the young folks that he should be her attendant to every gathering in the neighborhood. And yet with all this, no pledge of mar-

riage, or even word of love, had ever passed between them, for John was slow and shy, and, moreover, felt secure in his place; but, in time, all would probably have come to pass as expected if pretty Amy Hildred had not appeared upon the scene.

She came to spend the winter with an uncle, and in a wonderfully short space of time carried all masculine hearts by storm. But where her choice had fallen soon became evident, and John Story was as wax in her hands; he seemed to have no choice but to follow where she led; he was completely enchanted; her slightest word was law, and he would watch her face as if to divine her wishes before she could express them.

Of course this could have but one ending, and pretty Amy became Mrs. Story, and went to live with her husband's father and mother, who forgot their unworried disappointment about gentle Millie Barker in admiration of the beauty and childish grace of the new claimant for their affection.

But before long the old people departed, one tarrying but a short space after the other, and left John and his wife to reign in their places. Then the children came, and went, and life gradually lost its glamor, and John became the 'Squire and found his time fully occupied in one way and another, and his wife rocked and read and slept and fretted and complained in a sort of mild, resigned manner, and—died, to every one's astonishment.

In the meantime Millie Barker had borne her burden uncomplainingly, had combed out her curls, and left off fluttering bows of ribbon, and long before there was any need had grown to look and act old-maidish. She had taken care of her invalid mother with unwearied patience, and when she was at last released had settled down into a lonely life shared only by a cat and canary, and made dresses to eke out her scanty income.

Everybody loved the gentle little woman, although some of them had a neighborly way of saying things that wounded her to the quick and tried her almost beyond the limit of endurance.

But weeks and months went by, bringing new subjects of interest to the gossips. There were other deaths to talk of, and births and marriages, as there will be while the world endures—the new crowding the old into the background. But suddenly the 'Squire and his affairs were brought to the front again by the announcement of his failing health, and every one was shocked and sorry.

The doctor went to see him daily and was puzzled. He gave him one after the other all the kinds of medicine in his possession, hoping in that way to get hold of the right one, but his patient did not get better nor die, as might have been expected, and finally as a last resort the learned physician prescribed change of air and absolute idleness.

"If I was the 'Squire, I wouldn't go a step," said one, as soon as this news became circulated; "he aint used to travelin', nohow."

"No, indeed," said another, "he'll only die off among strangers instead of in his own bed, see if he don't; he's in a consumption."

"It's no such thing," said Mrs. Burr, who was one of the village authorities. "He's jest upsot with mopin' an' poor cookin'. If he *only* had some good capable woman to look after his comfort. I do wish I could take holt and straighten out matters as they orto be for once."

"What'd you do, s'posen you could?" asked a crony.

"Do? why, I jest proclaim the banns atween John Story an' Millie Barker, as they orto a-been proclaimed twenty year ago an' more. There never was sech a criss-cross piece o' work as that was, an' is like to be ag'in."

"Well, probable if they want each other they know it for themselves, Mis' Burr."

"No, they don't; he's too slow, an' she's too retirin'. I don't b'lieve she's spoke a dozen words to him sence his wife died, an' both in the same church, too. But I don't dast say a word of advice to Millie to be more chipper toward him nor nothin', for she's 'most took my head off what few innercent words I *have* said, an' as for him—well, he's as blind as a mole, an' about as dumb. I never see the beat of them two folks, never, nor nobody else, but I wouldn't advise the 'Squire to go away."

But the 'Squire soon put an end to all advice and conjectures by departing for a long visit to his brother's in Michigan, and as there was an elopement that very same night to distract public attention he was permitted to go in peace and without as many anxious thoughts and dismal prophecies sent after him as might have been the case otherwise.

The hired man left in charge of the farm occasionally got a letter of directions, in which the 'Squire always said that he was improving slowly, but not a word about coming home, until people began to think he might like the West so well as never to come back at all.

But life went on without him; his old friends had many interests of their own, and more of their neighbors', and nearly another year went by.

Then Millie Barker received a summons from a half-sister in another State, to come and make her a long visit.

"It is dreadful how the years go by, and we see nothing of each other," wrote the sister. "I cannot come to you with all my cares, but you are more free, so shut up your house and drop your work, and come for a long stay."

Millie at first said she could not do it, but the more she thought of it the stronger grew her inclination, and finally after a few days' sewing for herself, she locked the cottage-door behind her, and with her modest trunk and precious canary—poor Tom was dead—departed on her visit.

Three months or so after this, the farmer received a letter from the 'Squire stating that he with his wife would arrive home the next Saturday night, and requesting that his carriage be at the station, which was three miles away, to meet the nine o'clock train.

The village and surrounding country was rocked to the foundation by this astounding news, and nothing else was talked of.

He had married a Westener, that was certain! What would she be like? and had he made a wise choice this time? people vainly questioned, and then they said: "Poor Millie! what a blessed thing it was that she was away, for how could she endure to see another Mrs. Story flourishing as a bride?"

On Sunday the church which the 'Squire attended was packed at an early hour. He was always punctual in attendance, and people knew that the quickest way to appease their curiosity was to be on hand too.

But the 'Squire was late. What if they should not come after all, being tired with the journey? The bell had just ceased tolling, when there was a stir at the door, and in spite of good manners and life-long habits of devotion, the congregation to a man, woman, and child turned their heads to look, and were instantly stunned.

Up the aisle most unassumingly came the 'Squire with his wife, but wonder of wonders! it was Millie! their own Millie, blushing like a rose under her pretty bonnet.

People were fairly faint, and stared with mute questioning at each other. How had it happened? and when? and where?

It is to be hoped that the preacher knew what he was preaching about, but not a soul in the house—unless it might be the bride and groom—could ever remember the text, or a word of the sermon that was preached to them that Sunday morning.

LILLIAN GRAY.

MOTHERS.

KEEPING THEM QUIET.

I AM a spinster aunt—quite from choice, you know, it is invariably from choice, you know—and I have just returned home to my peaceful lodgings and the cherished society of my cat, from superintending my sister's household during her recovery from a long and severe illness; a convalescence requiring complete repose of body and mind, about the most difficult of remedies, when one takes into consideration the fact that there were five strong, lively, restless youngsters, of ages ranging from four to fourteen in the establishment, and that I had to keep these turbulent spirits within bounds. They are what is called "fine children," with abundant health, activity which never seems to tire, hot tempers, busy brains, and high spirits which nothing could subdue. Oh! how hard it was to keep them still when they had learned their lessons, and it was too early to pack them off to bed. As it happened, those evening hours were the times when the poor weakly mother felt most need of repose. Such a thing was impossible, those big boys were forever crawling up and down-stairs on the most aggravating tip-toe, and always coming to grief from over-caution just outside their mother's door. In their own way the girls were just as bad. They would insist upon "Helping Auntie," as they called it, opening doors with a bang and rushing into their mother's presence like whirlwinds. I was at my wits' end. On fine evenings I chased them out-of-doors; but when it rained—and how often it did rain this autumn—there was nothing for it but do my best to entertain them within.

At last I bethought me of a pile of old illustrated papers lying at home, and a happy inspiration made me send for them; I had a vague idea that children liked pictures, but the wonderful boon which those papers became did not reveal itself for some time, not until the young folks had grown tired of looking at the pictures and of being told stories about them,

which occupation I found rather tiresome after about a fortnight. Alas! like their elders, they grew weary and the novelty wore off; the rows on the stairs began again. My nephews and nieces are not perfect, but what children are? that is, if one is honest about them—nay, are we perfect ourselves? The relief of the quiet evenings, when the novelty of the pictures held them with its charm, was so great that I set my mind to work out a device which would be more permanent. In the lumber-room I unearthed an aged, tattered Japanese screen, which I had given to my sister many years before. Its original cost had been three dollars. It had seen a good deal of hard service and rough usage, the paper was burst in several places, but it would serve. Happy thought! I would set the five restless ones to make a scrap screen!

I confided to the elders that it was to be a great secret, and done very quietly in the school-room, a big, bare apartment, well away from my sister's hearing, and that it was to be a gift to the delicate mother on her recovery.

Next evening the whole five were eager to begin. I took care to spin the task out as far as possible. First, the screen was to be prepared for the reception of the pictures (this was a portion of the work which I took altogether into my own hands), making the five assist me. I made the boys procure old copies of the *Times*, which is printed upon extra strong and firm paper, and by pasting these upon the frame of the tattered screen, I secured a ground-work, firm as a board, and tight as a drum. I made the girls boil the paste, seeing there was a good sized bit of alum mixed up in it, which, I explained to my helpers, would effectually prevent the said paste becoming unpleasant in the aftertime. Each sheet was allowed to dry out perfectly before another was applied, and deep was the interest taken in the process by my band of helpers.

At length when I had secured a surface firm and even, I set the youngsters to cut the pictures. First, we separated

the colored engravings from the black and white, then the latter were sorted into sections for the different panels. After much consultation, we decided upon having the four seasons on the one side, in black and white; on the other, we would arrange the colored pictures as we thought best.

Arming the small persons with scissors, I gave them each their own set of pictures to cut out, and the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Quiet? There was perfect peace! Snip-snip, went on around, and each child vied with the other in the dexterous manipulation of their weapon. We first attacked the winter scene. We found plenty of Christmas pictures, with hunting, skating, snow-balling, holly and ivy, mistletoe, mince-pies and plum pudding. I taught them how to avoid straight lines and hard edges by intertwining amongst the pictures garlands of the flowers in season. These we found in perfection, in those delightful catalogues which our leading florists and gardening houses so generously scatter over the country. In these delightful volumes—for they deserve no lesser title—the flowers are exquisitely drawn, and when carefully cut out, form the very best materials for a scrap screen. Indeed, when all was completed, I thought the winter-panel the most effective of all.

How busy, and therefore how happy those young folks were! They were always eager to fly to the bleak, bare room, which in former times had been their abhorrence. The moment the lesson-books were packed tidily away—I made a rule that no child was to work at the screen who had not learned lessons and put books away—they brought out scissors, papers, paste, and soft rags, watching with the deepest interest the process of arranging the pictures symmetrically, and having anxious consultations as to the best positions for their favorite scenes. We had great work over our spring panel. Out of a number of engravings we contrived a winding road, which with considerable pains, we so constructed that it appeared to lead through a variety of rural scenery, to a very good picture of Windsor Castle. When this climax was reached, the triumphant joy of the boys

knew no bounds. Our summer arrangement had for its "key-note" a very beautiful picture of Henley-on-Thames. Starting from this, I made them take lake and river scenery for the leading idea of the division, with bits of rural festivity, and out-of-door amusements, to give life to the landscape.

For autumn we chose scenes of travel; mountains, wild coasts, foreign lands, with just a touch of some "bit" from an Academy picture to mark the fading of the year. We made that panel quite poetic.

We had considerable talk over the colored side, but we solved the difficulty by starting with one of the charming "Types of Beauty" published by the *Graphic*, as centre-piece for each panel. Christmas cards we had in abundance, but these we used sparingly, finding them hard to manage from their stiffness. As far as possible I let the young folks make their own selections and arrangement, and to my surprise I discovered very marked artistic proclivities in at least two of them. When at last the screen was completed—a work of very considerable time—I undertook the sizing and varnishing thereof. The size I found in the laundry, good starch, laid in a thin coating over the pictures, left them ready for the final touch. For the varnish I had the simplest and most inexpensive procurable. I think it is called paper varnish, I know it cost only a few cents, and our screen was complete. Really it was quite a success. My sister was delighted with it, when the elders bore it to her in triumph, and although I am not a lover of such articles, I looked upon it with the deepest respect. Had it not kept them quiet?

AT BED-TIME.

MY darling, with her quaint, sweet ways

And knowing little head,
Lies cuddled, like a little bird,

Within her downy bed;
But though 'tis time she were asleep,

And though o'er laughing eyes
The lids will fall, to keep awake

The little mischief tries.

And so I tell a dreamy tale
Of slumber-land, until
I think the eyes must soon close tight
And prattling tongue be still;
But, just as lids have almost shut
Dear little eyes from sight,
"Mamma," she cries, with outstretched
arms,
"Good little hands to-night?"

"Good little hands!" I kiss them both;
No more awake she keeps.
I always kiss "good little hands"
Before my darling sleeps.
But sometimes little hands are "bad!"
Those mamma cannot kiss.
My darling knows that naughty hands
This bed-time joy must miss.

HOME EDUCATION.

WHEN education is spoken of, few people include within the meaning of the term anything more than school education. A child begins to get his education, it is commonly believed, when he begins to go to school, and it ends when he leaves school. It is to be expected that people who take this view of education should themselves take no pains to train their children, but should let them pick up their information and form their mental habits by chance and without system.

"NEVER a rose without a thorn" is an axiom possessing much truth. It follows then that the thorns were created for the purpose of protecting the treasures of the bush. So do we often find in human life that beauties of the heart and mind are preserved by the thorns of unshapely bodies, unbeautiful faces, or lack of wealth.

IN Russia, where all the dwelling-houses are provided with double windows, the sweating of the glass panes is successfully prevented through the use of a small quantity of sulphuric acid placed in a flat pan or cup between the two windows.

There is a home education that should precede and accompany that of the school and covers a department that school takes no account of. An important item of this is the teaching of a child the relation between an act and its effect. How few parents do this! If a child, left to himself, does not come to the conclusion in after-life that misfortunes have no causes unless providential, and that horsehairs turn into snakes, he gets a better idea of cause and effect, but in a way that brings upon himself unnecessary pain.

Many a mother gives her child a most senseless negative training in this respect. "You mustn't do that," she forbids a hundred times a day. "Why?" pleads the child. "Because," replies the mother with unanswerable logic, "because you mustn't," or, "because I say so." The child, more intelligent than such a mother, soon comes to the reasonable conclusion that she does not know much about the conduct of affairs, and cannot help but regard her as tyrannical.

No doubt parents are tormented by the endless questions that children have at what ought to be called the age of inquiry, but that is really the beginning of a very impressionable period of youth, which is the very best period for forming habits of thought and action. This is the opportunity of the parent to lay the foundation of the very highest education, with home training, conducted rationally and patiently.

LATENT GOOD. The human soul without education is like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it.

KIND words cost only a little thought, a little self-control, a little effort; but their fruits are manifold and weighty.

CONVICTION is in itself a power. The man who is sure of what he says gives assurance to those who hear him.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOBBY GETS THE "APRIL-FOOL" TANGLE UNTWISTED.

IF you should ask me what day in the almanac is the very meanest of all, I should say the first day of April; I should say so if anybody else asked me, too, for I think it is. I will tell you why. I think there are more lies told on that day than on any other, though it aint so long as some others later on. There's one thing bothers me that I can't quite make out. You see, if I should meet you in the street on the thirty-first day of March and I should say, "Mr. Jones, your house is on fire," you'd run with all your might if your name was Jones, and you had a house, and you heard what I said, and holler "fire! fire!" all the way home, as loud as you could, and when you got there and found it wasn't on fire, if it wasn't you'd be mad and call me a little liar, and a young rascal, and box my ears, and shake me, if you could catch me, and maybe have me 'rested for it, but if I should meet you on the first of April and say your house was on fire, and you'd run and call the engines and holler "fire!" and make yourself hoarse, and fall down and get your clothes all mud and then get there and find 'twasn't on fire at all, why, you'd laugh—if you was a good-natured man—and everybody'd laugh and say that was a good sell, and the boys would all say, "April Fool!" and you'd go back down-street and tell the men who set in your store, 'cause they haven't got any work to do, all about it, and probably you'd buy me a stick of candy or gum because I got the start of you and April-fooled you. Now, this is what worries me, and seems all twisted up, somehow. If a lie is a lie on March 31st, why isn't it a lie the next morning? That's what I'd like to know, and I haint found nobody yet to 'xplain it to me. A lie is a lie on March 31st, but on April 1st, if a boy tells a lie—just the same lie—and says "April Fool" right away after it, then 'taint no lie. I almost b'lieve 'tis though, and somehow folks haven't got the right of it. Then, when sometimes a boy tells the real truth on that

day you don't believe him, 'cause you are 'xpecting he's going to fool you, and so you don't look 'round when they call after you and say you've dropped your handkerchief, or your jacket's tore 'cross the back, when maybe you have dropped it, and maybe it is tore. You see it's hard to know on such a day whether folks tell the truth when they lie or whether they lie when they tell the truth, 'cause you don't believe 'em neither way. I never see no string twisted into a harder knot than this April-fool business is.

Last year, on the day I'm speakin' about, I seen some things that was funny and some things that wasn't funny. The things I got fooled on was the things that wasn't funny.

I will tell you some of them—both kinds. It came on Monday, and my big brother tried to fool me by waking me up about four o'clock in the morning, and telling me to hurry up if I didn't want to be late to school. I scrambled around in the dark—the matches were gone, somebody hid 'em. Somebody sewed up the sleeves to my jacket and to my trousers. They also did my stockings, too, and sewed 'em both together. I got dressed, though. It took a good while. A piece of tallow was in my soap-dish; I washed with it; the soap was took away. I went down-stairs then. After I ripped out all the sewing and washed my hands with the tallow and cold water, my hands and face felt kinder stiff, but I thought when I got some hot water I'd wash over again with some real soap. I looked at the clock—it was half-past five. Nobody was up. I thought I'd fool Angelina, though I didn't want to do anything mean. My grandmother says never do mean things for April fool, and then 'taint no hurt, and you'll be rewarded. I thought I'd s'prise her—Angelina, I mean. So I made the fire and put on the boiler, an' a lot of water. I took all the dirty clothes in the basket she was going to wash an' put 'em all in the boiler—all but the basket—with a lot of soft soap, and then I turned the basket on top, an' wrote a big paper, an' said *April Fool, Angelina!* on it. I thought she'd be so s'prised and

glad her washing was so near done. I laid down on the lounge in the dining-room, so I could hear what she would say when she come down. I guess I got to sleep, for the first thing I heard was a war whoop that made me jump. The second thing I heard was two loud slaps on my back, and I was lifted by some kind of machinery, it seemed to me, and dumped face down in a snow-drift by the kitchen door—outside.

"April fool yerself, ye young mischief, an' ye've spoilt ivery wan of thim clothes; bad luck to ye! The calicoes is all blached out, an' the white wans is pink an' blue all rainbow like all outen the calikess. Whatever will I do wid 'em? Shure an' ye're light waists will look swate an' delightful wid the yaller an' red shpots an' strakes all up an' down 'em. Serves ye right. Yis, April fool yerself."

I cried, I couldn't help it. I felt bad. I told her I thought I was helpin' her, and she'd be so s'prised.

"An', indade, but I was surprised, an' am yet, an' shall be for some time that ye lack so little of bein' a complate simpleton."

That's one of the rewards, I s'pose, my grandmother tells about. I don't feel like having any more. You see you don't always do just the right thing when you 'magine you're going to. Grandmother says you must be sure you're right, then go ahead. What I want to find out is, how are you going to *besure*. When you think you're sure you aint sure always, and if you think you're sure you don't think anything 'bout being any surer. We had blue pillow-cases and pink napkins and purple tablecloths and streaked collars for a good while, 'cause Angelina couldn't get the color all out to once. My father didn't scold. He laughed and said I was a nartist, and painted in water-colors warranted not to fade. Ma's calico aprons and Angelina's new green gingham dress were spoiled. They looked like a girl does when the red all goes out of her cheeks and she faints away—my big sister did once.

When I was going by the store on the corner on my way to school that day, It saw a fifty-cent piece lyin' on the walk in front. I stooped to pick it up, but 'twas gone before I touched it, and somebody

inside the store shouted "April Fool!" I didn't see how 'twas done till I watched somebody else try to pick it up, an' then I see they had a string tied in it, there was a hole in it, in the fifty-cent piece, and they jerked it back by the string, which was a fine thread, so nobody couldn't see it. I stood there in the store quite a spell, watching. Bimeby, a young lady, she was awful pretty, and she walked right up straight and brisk, come along. I thought she didn't see the fifty-cent piece, for she was looking away over across the street, but when she got right up to it, she just put out her little foot and stepped right on it, quick as wink, and stooped down and picked it up. She broke the thread, and went on as tho' she was used to doing that kind of business, and every day in the year was April Fool's day. She bowed real pretty, tho', an' her eyes shone an' her cheeks was pink as roses. I was glad, an' all the boys who was watching shouted out "April Fool" to the store clerk, until he had to give us every one a banana to stop us.

Angelina said she was going to fool somebody before bed-time, to get even 'bout them cloths. My big brother is very fond of cold beans, he likes 'em cooked. At supper time he was late and ate alone. Angelina brought in a tureen all covered up, and said there was some cold beans for him. He took off the cover, an' there was a whole dish full of raw beans. Of course they was cold, but the cold beans he likes are cooked hot and then they get cold afterward. Angelina ran into the kitchen and hollered "April Fool," but he run after her, an' pulled her hair until she promised to cook 'em for him the next day. She did cook 'em. When we go to bed me an' my brother always has to take a candle 'stead of a lamp. A lamp might explode, an' we might get on fire, an' nobody know it, an' burn up, an' the house besides. A candle can't, but you have to hold it up straight else the grease drops on the table or carpet if there is a carpet, or the bed, or wherever the candle is held over. When we took off our shoes an' started for bed that night, Angelina handed us our candle an' told us to light it. My big brother he took it an' tried, an' tried, an' tried, and then he took another match an' tried again, but 'twouldn't, an' then he

took hold of the wick to see what ailed it, an' then he looked kinder green. He didn't say nothing, only looked at Angelina an' smiled, an' told me to try. I was cross an' sleepy, an' I told him any fool could light that, an' begun to try, but 'twouldn't light. Then Angelina began to laugh, an' she said, "Yes, shure, any fool but an April Fool." Then we examined that candle, an' it wa'n't no candle at all, only a carrot made into a candle which Angelina dyed, an' blacked the wick with coal, so 'twould look just as tho' it had been lit before. Angelina felt better then. She was rewarded better'n I was, when she put me in the snow-drift.

There was a awful snow-storm that day. It hadn't snowed much of any all winter, an' it snowed as if 'twas hurrying to put in a good day's work to make up. It snowed an' snowed all day, till it was piled high 'round everybody's door, an' in all the walks, an' all over. 'Long toward night it cleared off, an' pa said to me an' my big brother—he aint very big, but bigger'n me—"Boys if you want some real fun, and fool somebody the best kind of a way, I'll tell you how." We thought 'twas funny pa should want to play an April Fool trick on any one, but we said, "All right." So he told us to get a snow-shovel and some brooms, an' go down the lane to Miss Priscilla Pinchers, an' shovel her out. She's an old maid an' she thinks she's a poet, an' talks in verses half the time. She lives alone, an' her house is so little an' old, the snow, when it comes like that time, just stan's all up 'round it an' you can't see nothin' but the roof an' chimney.

After supper we started to shovel her out, that is, I mean to shovel the snow away from her door an' window. This was before we went to bed an' tried to light that carrot, of course, but I forgot to tell it first. Miss Pincher was eating her supper in the back room. It was dark outside, so she couldn't see us. She couldn't anyway 'count of the snow, an' besides she had the curtains down.

We worked lively I tell you, and the way the snow flew 'round that shanty would have made her think the storm was increasing, if she could have seen it. We cleaned the path an' got the banks all

away from her door an' window, an' then made a snow man an' put a big paper flag which pa fixed for us at home in his hat, an' it said on the flag in big letters, "April First." We wrote that 'stead of April Fool, 'cause pa said maybe she wouldn't like it. He said we should always remember that old people or poor people like her were very sensitive about such jokes, even though they are all the right kind, and we must be respectful to them always. We stood the snow man by her door, right where she would see him first thing when she came out. Ma had sent over a lot of things to eat, an' we put the basket on the door-step and then gave a loud rap an' hid to see what she would do. She came an' opened the door just the least mite of a crack, and peeped out. I s'pose she 'spected the whole snow-bank would fall in upon her, but it didn't, 'cause 'twasn't there, so she opened it a little wider, an' then she made a low bow an' said, "Good evening, sir," to the snow man. We laughed an' I s'pose she thought 'twas the man, for she said, "Won't you walk in with your basket?"

She couldn't see very well an' she must have thought 'twas a real man all covered with snow from the storm. Of course in a minute she saw her mistake, an' then she took off her spectacles an' wiped her eyes, an' cried, yes, she cried when she saw how the path was made an' the banks all shoveled away, an' a big basket of provisions there for her to eat, an' right away she began to say poetry. I remember it now, I said it over a good many times, it seemed so queer to me—

"The Lord made a path once through the Red Sea,

And now He has come and made a path for me,
Or maybe 'twas some of His angels who come."

The next line we didn't hear, 'cause she shut the door. I awfully wanted to know what 'twas, tho'. I guess she's a little mistaken tho' about them angels. My big brother an' me aint angels, an' don't want to be yet. Our minister says folks hadn't ought to 'spect their children to be half-grown angels thirty or forty years before their own selves. I saw him just now go by the window, an' I went out an' asked him why a lie is a lie on March 31st and aint a lie on the 1st of April. An' he said it was just the same, an'

saying "April Fool" didn't keep it from being a lie either. He said there was ways to s'prise folks, an' nice ways of doin' things they wasn't 'xpecting, without doing anything mean, or sayin' any wrong stories, an' if we had got to do something different from other days on the first of April, why, to do something that you wouldn't have to tell no lie (he said falsehood) 'bout something to make somebody be glad you thought of doing what you did. He said always remember this. An' I shall remember it 'cause he put his hand on my head when he said it to me. "A sweet surprise is better than a sorry one."

I like our minister. He knows a good deal, too.

BOBBY.

AN APRIL FOOL.

LITTLE Harry Brown was spending his vacation at Grandpa Dalton's house. Harry's home was in a large city, but Grandpa Dalton lived in the country, and it was almost half a mile to their nearest neighbor.

When Harry left home he was a pale, sickly boy, but now he was tanned and rosy enough to suit even Grandma Dalton.

At first everything seemed so new and strange to him, for he had lived all his life in the great, busy city, and had never spent more than a day at a time in the country. He wondered "why the mail-carrier did not come," and "why they didn't have a candy store on the corner." He soon forgot all about the candy store, for grandma let him have all the apples and hickory nuts that he could eat, besides the great brown, twisted fried cakes and crisp cookies.

When night came he was put in the same little trundle-bed his mother used to sleep in when she was a little girl. It was so still that he could hear the old big clock down-stairs as it slowly ticked the moments away.

He lay there and wondered "what made the sheets smell like roses," and "what made it so still at grandpa's house." Then he thought about his own little bed at home, and the little brother that always slept with him, and something like a sob broke the stillness as he thought:

"Next time I'll bring Phil with me."

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After a little time Harry got used to living in the country, and he played out in the barnyard, rode the horses to water, went with grandpa to the "sugar bush," and played so hard that when night came the little curly head was scarcely laid on his pillow before he was fast asleep.

By and by the first of April came, and Harry thought of all the fun he had the year before, and wondered "who would go with Artie Price and help him carry the flour-sack filled with sawdust down to the corner." He laughed softly to himself, as he thought how angry the grocer looked when he stopped his horse, jumped down from his high seat and grasped the sack, only to let it fall again when Artie cried out, "April Fool!"

Pretty soon he went into the house and said, "Grandma, do they have 'April Fool's Day' in the country?"

Grandma did not answer his question, but looked over her spectacles at Harry, and asked, "What do they do on 'April Fool's Day'?"

Harry explained it as well as he could, and then added, "Mamma says as long as it is a custom, harmless jokes are all right, but we should not be unkind even on 'April Fool's Day.' I think it would be a good joke on grandpa if we could have boiled eggs for dinner, and put sugar in the salt-cellar. I'll bring the eggs in when you are getting dinner, and ask you if we can have some for dinner."

Grandma agreed to cook the eggs for dinner, and Harry filled the salt-cellar with granulated sugar. Pretty soon Grandpa Dalton came up out of the cellar and went out to the barn. Grandma noticed a sly twinkle in his eyes as he passed through the kitchen, but she said nothing.

When grandma began to prepare their dinner, Harry took a little basket and went to the barn to gather the eggs. When he came in his face was all aglow, and he cried as soon as he had opened the door:

"I've found a new nest, and I've got lots and lots of eggs! 'most two dozen. Can't we have some boiled eggs for dinner?"

Grandma looked into the basket as she took it, and then she looked over to where grandpa sat reading his paper, and she saw that same sly twinkle still in his eyes.

Her own eyes seemed full of fun as she answered:

"Yes; I'll boil a lot of them, and we can have some cold ones for supper if there are any left from dinner. You may help me set the table."

Grandma spread the snowy linen cloth on the table, and Harry brought the dishes from the pantry and placed them upon it. When grandma put the eggs into the boiling water Harry counted them, and there was a dozen.

Harry kept thinking "what a good joke that will be on grandpa," all the time, and when grandma put the eggs in the egg-dish he couldn't resist giving her a sly little nudge to let her know that he hadn't forgot their fun. Just then grandpa was taken with a hard fit of coughing, but he soon recovered, and they all sat down to the table. Grandpa passed the eggs to grandma and then to Harry, and then set the dish down, saying:

"I think I'll wait till they cool a little. I think they are better when they are cool."

Harry, like a great many other little boys, liked to crack the shell and pick it off a piece at a time, until he had the egg whole, but without any shell. He would eat the white and then the "gold" as he always called the yolk, and he always thought it tasted better that way.

When he was at grandma's, that was the way he always had them.

He had taken one of the larger ones from the dish, and he gave it a gentle rap with his knife, but it did not crack as it usually did. He hit it harder and harder, but still there was not a crack. His face flushed as he turned it over and carefully examined it, and then, looking straight at grandma, he said:

"It's wood! I b'lieve I'm an April Fool."

Just then grandpa put some sugar on his egg, and Harry exclaimed:

"And so is grandpa!"

They all laughed at the joke, and then grandpa said:

"It isn't wood, but it is a 'nest-egg' gourd."

Grandma gave him a real egg, and said:

"The new nest that you found was one that grandpa made, and he put the gourds in it, expecting that you would find it. You may have some of the gourds to carry home with you, if you would like them."

Harry said that he would like some, and added: "I just wish it wasn't a whole year till the first of April, 'cause I'm going to save them, and 'April Fool' Artie Price. See if I don't."

WAKE ROBIN.

MORNING AND EVENING.

I SEND him away in the morning
When the sun is low in the east,
And he does not mind our parting,
Does not mind it in the least.
For in the school-room I tell him
Is the place for a boy to be,
So we say good-bye with many a smile
And he throws back a kiss to me.

But, oh! at last in the evening,
When the sun is low in the west,
I see him coming home to me,
My dearest and my best!
I forget what I say in the morning,
And I think we both agree
That in mother's lap by the fireside
Is the place for a boy to be.

HOME CIRCLE.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

INTO a cozy corner I come again to chat on one of my favorite topics, flowers. I have cultivated them so long that they seem dear to me as though they were creatures, who return my love by growing just as I will them. The saddest heart will get rid of its pain, if the time be occupied in doing something, and what more cheering and pleasant work than cultivating God's beautiful flowers. A friend writes me, "We have lost all our children, three of them, and if it was not for my flowers and my birds our home would be desolate indeed." I can imagine how many hours she spends with her flowers, fighting her grief and trying to say, "Thy will O Lord! be done." And strength will be given her. God never forgets the least of His little ones. How easy to turn from her beloved plants to our Father, who has created all things and blessed us, by making us the recipients of His grand and wonderful works. I never feel more at peace and in love with all the world than when I am busy at work with my flowers. I think we all feel in harmony with each other, and, too, with nature, when communing together on this topic. I never tire of reading or writing upon the subject, and the many letters I receive from floral friends encourages me to write the more. A number have written me of their failures with fuchsias. Now this is one of my favorite plants. For years I grew them with but little success. My ambition always is to do *well* whatever I undertake, and the growing of such shabby specimens of fuchsias annoyed me exceedingly. I made up my mind to grow them successfully or discard them altogether. This is how I did it. I procured in the spring some thrifty plants, some I grew from cuttings of my own, and others I bought from a florist who keeps the best in his line. I planted them in boxes of the very richest earth. I will tell you where I got it so that you may know just how very rich it was. A new cow-barn was built,

and the old one torn away that had been standing for years and years. As soon as I found the floor had been removed I was on hand, to see if there was not something I could utilize for my flower-garden. A foot of the richest earth was my reward. I had it all dug and wheeled to my garden, and then I potted up, or rather boxed up the fuchsias in this earth with a hint of sand. I had a dozen boxes—they were cracker-boxes, raisin-boxes, and such as that. I set them on the north side of the house. Did they grow? Like Jack's beanstalk, and the first thing I knew, in June they were a mass of buds and blossoms. And they never took a rest until I was obliged to take them into winter quarters. I put them in the cellar for two months; at the end of that time I brought them up, and potted them in *small* pots. I cut them clear down; they soon began to put forth leaves, and by May, when ready to go out-of-doors, they were fine bushy plants. I brought up the same old boxes, renewed the earth, and planted them in again. And the second year far excelled the first. Let me tell you, the older they are the better, providing you always stimulate them to new growth; it is on the new wood the blossoms are borne. After the second year, when the wood has become well hardened, they may remain in the cellar in the boxes from October until April without any injury. Every evening during the summer I gave them a shower-bath—there is no plant which so heartily enjoys a shower as this. And then it keeps red spiders away—one of its most troublesome enemies.

If I have helped you to a knowledge of how to grow them successfully, let me tell you of a few I am particularly partial to: Beacon, with rose sepals and corolla violet, will ever be one of my favorites, it is such a free bloomer and shapely grower. Speciosa, though old, is one of the very best; if prepared in summer, it will bloom finely all winter, indeed, it is one of the very few winter bloomers. Mrs. Marshall is also a winter bloomer, carmine corolla with white sepals. Phenomenal is one

of the grandest fuchsias I have ever seen—by some florists called the Giant Fuchsia—it is very double and large, scarlet sepals, corolla a violet purple. Storm King is lovely when well grown, but I think does not attain perfection until the second year. I more fully appreciate Perle Von Brum, which is identical with Storm King except that it is an erect grower, corolla large double white. Black Prince has a large expanded bell-shaped corolla, red, sepals crimson, in bloom during the whole summer, every way desirable. I think I have forty varieties, but cannot occupy space to enumerate. If I have helped one to grow this plant with better success I shall feel I have not written in vain. Perhaps there are others who like myself are interested in flower culture, who will read the notes thereon with interest. I shall in a future letter talk of other plants I delight to cultivate.

HYACINTH.

SUNDRY THOUGHTS.

"I WOULD not want to live my life over," said one who had, unknown to us, seen much sorrow. We could not understand *then* how one could feel thus.

With all our bright, happy youth before us, we thought it strange that any one would not wish to live and enjoy one's life again.

The sky was so blue, it was such a beautiful world. How could people be sad?

Now, looking back over a score of years, we can sympathize with that afflicted one.

We murmur through blinding tears, "No, a thousand times no. We would not wish to live our life over."

There are too many sorrows, too many bitter disappointments, even though they have been intermingled with joy, to desire to pass through it again.

God afflicts us sorely, but "the past is in the eternal past."

We shall understand it all some time—the trials we have borne.

May we all at the close of each day be found better, purer, more fit to dwell in "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

RENA REYNOLDS.

A "GOOD SUGAR DAY" AT ROCK CAMP.

WE enjoyed our visit to the "sugar orchard" at "Rock Creek Camp," one March day, when spring was late in coming.

The "orchard" was a large one—a beautiful maple grove in summer, while in winter the fortunate owners of the "sugar maples" realized a good profit from the making for the market honest maple syrup and sugar.

"Not doctored a bit. Our sugar's the pure artikel," Grandpa Terry assured us, as we walked around the camp admiring the new improvements, labor-savers, and thought of the hard work our good pioneer fathers and mothers had gone through with when "maple sugar" was cheap and "store sugar" highly prized because of its "skurseness."

Grandpa thought of those bygone days, and began to tell us "that times had changed, and sugar-makin' was no trick at all now, but it paid better," and then we remembered a day spent in a camp where it *was* "back-breaking work" to collect the sweet sap and convert it into sweets, but "sugar weather" was hailed with delight by young and old at "Maple Grove."

Our "dearest" friend waited our coming—a little roly-poly girl, supremely happy in the possession of a "bran'-new" flannel gown, gray and blue check, calf-skin boots laced with stout leather strings, and gay woolen gloves knit by grandma, in squares, red and green.

The ride over three miles of good country road in a cutter was beautiful, so was the dear face of little Ruth as she ran to the big "bars" to let us in.

Straight to the "sugar camp" we went, a rudely built shanty where Jason Plummer, the hired man, stood tending three kettles of boiling sweet sap, surrounded by barrels and boxes.

Jason had been keeping the fires "going" the greater part of the night; the season had been backward, good sugar days at a premium, and the time was rapidly passing for making sugar.

"Run along, little gells. P'raps ye'd as soon as not bring in a little sap an' help fill the third kittle. I'll have it empty shortly," said Jason, who was carefully

emptying from a "kittle" into a conveniently placed "bar'l" clear, beautiful maple "m'lasses" intended for the city market.

"I calkilate that this kittle of m'lasses 'll please even Mis' Square Green; it's clear as honey and not a mite grainy," said Jason, admiringly, as he held the ladle high and slowly poured the amber liquid that we might all note its excellence.

Ruthie's mother gently "hoped Mis' Square Green would like it," as that lady's praise or blame had weight, and helped sell or condemn an article marketable. Square Green was the merchant prince at the "Four Corners."

"Be keerful, little gells, an' don't break them spiles," called out Jason, as we ran from tree to tree sucking the "sap" as it trickled through the whittled wood pipes, called "spiles," stuck in the holes bored in the "sugar trees."

The maple sap, though agreeably sweet in its crude state, gave no hint of the sweetness that much condensing and boiling brings from it.

In that camp the roughly hollowed-out troughs were laboriously emptied and carried by the pailful to the kettles. Even the little help that Ruthie and myself could render by carrying sap in small tin pails was not scorned by Jason.

After carrying sap until tired and returning to the "shanty," we found Jason had "sugared off" the contents of a "kittle" and had dropped ladlefuls of the hot sugar upon clean white chips which were cooling in the snow for his little helpers.

Ruthie's mother had molded in small shell-shaped pans a number of small cakes of beautifully white sugar.

The contents of the "kittle" was hastily molded in small tins, fluted and shell-shaped, all hands helping while the sugar was warm.

The help brought dinner for all to the shanty, with a pan of pop-corn, which Ruthie and I soon popped over the bed of glowing coals that Jason accommodately raked into a corner for our use.

Keturah slyly filled with hot syrup nearing the "sugaring off" stage two dozen egg-shells carefully emptied of their contents, and one end only broken, cooling them in a snow heap.

Never since that day have we been offered a sweet so delicious as the waxy candy of pure maple sap, contained in those egg-shells, a treat prepared for us by the kind Katty.

A fierce storm of snow and sleet accompanied by a cutting wind came on early in the afternoon, putting an end to the sap gathering, though the syrup in the kettles must be finished before putting out the fire, so Jason said.

"I was afeard of this. 'Pears like all this winter the weather has been ag'in sugar-b'iling. If there comes a thaw, intense freezin' sets in, an' the sap jest can't run. I never seed the beat. We've made hay while the sun shone, not lettin' one good sugar day run to waste, but the crop is purty slim in quantity," complained Jason, as he chunked savagely the fires, making them roar and glow, and the caldron's contents seethe and bubble, though we shivered as the chill blasts rocked the crazy little shanty, and penetrated through the wide cracks in the walls.

All hands hastily emptied all the sap not frozen, and collected brush and chips to feed the fire, Jason being determined to "bile all the sap on hand, if it sleeted black cats."

"Creak, creak, whirr, whirr-r," groaned the bare branches of the huge trees, and dead limbs began to whirl through the air, one of them striking the roof of our "sugar-house."

"Go to the house before it grows wuss," said Jason, firing up more determinedly than before.

Out into the sleet and blizzard we went, the sleet and wind cutting our faces, and making it no easy task to find our way to the farm-house.

"Hold to my apron strings, or you'll get lost," said Mrs. Day, knotting tightly around her waist the long strings of her check apron.

Unable to keep our footing upon the ice-covered ground, we went sliding and slipping, often tumbling into a heap, until the painful, though short walk was ended, and we were once more into an atmosphere of light and warmth.

Never did a room look more cheery than that "keeping-room," brightened with a "cheerful blaze of seasoned hickory logs" in a fire-place. Even the polished

large, brass "andirons" added a glow to the room.

Katty and Jason, unable to endure the icy winds, were forced to abandon the sugar shanty, and retreat to the house, though Jason pluckily brought to the kitchen a big pot of syrup upon a sled, that the "little gells might have some taffy in the evenin'."

"How did you ever do it, Jason, when it's so hard to stand up, and the ice is so smooth?" inquired Ruthie.

"I used to be a fust cut skater when a boy, an' I bantered Katty for a slide; we caught hold hands an' started," said Jason, bustling around to build a fire in the kitchen stove.

At the bountifully-spread tea-table, we had tea sugared with broken maple sugar. The loaf cake, crullers, custard pie, and preserves, rich and clear, owed their sweetness to Katty's skill, and plenty of maple sugar "at her elbow."

"I think, Mis' Day," said Jason, as he dropped into his cup of tea two large lumps of whity-brown sugar, "you'd best keep for the sugar-chist the last kettle stirred off, as it's uncommon in whiteness an' flavor. I doubt if Mis' Square Green's store sugar beats it much. They say she doesn't use anything but the boughten artikel, even in common cookin'. I call that extravagance, hey, Katty?"

Mrs. Day came to the rescue of the blushing Katty, who expected in the near future to keep house for Jason, by saying "the sugar-chest was most empty, an' 'twould take all of seventy pounds to fill it, an' she wasn't expecting to be able to afford to use store sugar except upon extra occasions, such as weddin's."

The night closed in early. The winds gathered force, and the sleet rattled furiously against the kitchen window, while the taffy bubbled in the pot, and Katty picked out butternut meats.

Farmer Day filled numerous jugs and small kegs with maple syrup, while Mrs. Day packed into a box small, round, and square sugar cakes, intended for the market.

Into the gallon of taffy, three cups of sweet butter and one cup milk was stirred and soon the whole was cooking upon buttered plates, looking and smelling tantalizingly delicious.

Strong as well as impatient hands were

soon at work pulling that candy and twisting it into braided sticks, so generously "passed around."

By nine o'clock, order was restored in the kitchen, the painted floor swept, and sticky dishes washed, and we were called into the "keepin'-room" for prayers.

Tenderly and reverently we nestled close beside Mother Day during the sweet service, scarcely able to keep our eyes open, until Ruthie's own trundle-bed was drawn out from under the high-posted, white-curtained large one, and we were both snugly tucked in for the night by loving hands.

Maple-sugar camps have for us a peculiar charm. The little cakes, though often largely composed of "store" sugar, remind us of the dear little sunny-haired and sweet-souled Ruthie, whose bright head has for ten years been pillowed upon the damp earth, and good, kind Jason, who not long after that happy day at Maple Grove farm, was called home, leaving "Katty" sorrowing.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

EACH one of us has been told of the power evil habits have over us when they have once gained a foot-hold, yet comparatively few persons recognize the fact that good habits have an equally strong influence.

Many of our young people become discouraged in their efforts for self-improvement because it is a long time before improvement is apparent.

Instead of trying to improve in all possible ways at once, it would be better to give attention to some one thing until you have conquered an evil habit or acquired a longed-for grace of character.

An excellent plan is to consider what you most desire to improve in, and then give daily attention to this for a month. Do not fret because you are not making as much progress in other things. Some one thing thoroughly mastered is a great help toward mastering something else.

You will be gradually learning to concentrate your thoughts and at the same time learning self-control more rapidly than is possible ordinarily.

Choose a motto, or some central thought; think of it daily and live up to

it for a month. At the end of four weeks you will be surprised to see how seldom the old temptation assails you, or how easy it is to perform a task that was formerly distasteful.

If any disagreeable household duty is assigned you, it will soon cease to ruffle your spirit if you perform it at a regular hour. Try this. So long as you groan over it and put it off from hour to hour you will spoil each day of your life. Each pleasure is marred by the consciousness of this neglected duty that must be attended to, willingly or unwillingly.

Our burdens cease to be such if we rise in the morning with a determination to do cheerfully whatever is given us to do. Select the task you dislike or dread most, and attend to it at the earliest possible moment. The *worst* over, you will step around with a light heart as you perform the duties that remain.

The cultivation of good habits is as important for you as the conquering of evil ones.

It may be that you are of a temperament that is not susceptible to strong temptations. You may have a negative goodness, and be inclined to indifference to what is going on around you. Then your object should be to cultivate an interest in others, and in some special pursuit.

This will add much to your happiness and to the comfort and welfare of your friends.

On the first day of each month decide what you will give particular attention to and then write down a motto, whether it be a quotation or framed by yourself. Tack this card on the inside of your closet door or somewhere else where you will be sure to see it every day. The frequent reminder will be a great help.

Here are some that have been tried with noticeably good effect:

1. Do not interrupt others in conversation unnecessarily.
2. Be unselfish.
3. Have courage to speak the truth.
4. Do not shirk.
5. If you have been to blame do not try to throw the blame on some one else. "If she hadn't done so-and-so, it wouldn't have happened."
6. When you have used an article put

it back in its place; especially if it is one used by the family in common.

7. Remember that by your conduct persons judge of your home-training and home-influences.

8. Be careful to meet your engagements promptly.

9. Be punctual at meals.

What a boon to housekeepers if each member of the family would be punctual. The domestic machinery comes to a standstill when meals are kept waiting for some dilatory person, and not only is good cooking spoiled by not being served as soon as it is ready for the table, but the housekeeper's disposition is apt to be ruined. She has to see that certain work is done; she is expected to have appetizing meals prepared; when all her painstaking is in vain she is fretted by the disappointments, the apprehensions that "nothing will be fit to eat," and by the consciousness of the impossibility of having things go smoothly when inconsiderate persons protract the time set apart for meals. If you have never noticed how many things in a household hinge upon one another do so now. You will soon understand that there is a "wheel within a wheel," and regret that you ever added to family cares by your thoughtlessness.

10. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

11. Help others.

There is an infinite variety of ways to do this. You may share household occupations with mother or sister; give pecuniary aid to the needy; try to keep those around you in a state of cheerfulness; if unable to nurse sick relatives or friends, you can yet minister to them by giving them an occasional half-hour, tell them some interesting news and divert their minds. If you have a real desire to be helpful you will soon find many ways to carry out your wish.

12. Let your friends feel that you can be depended upon to keep your word. It will be a comfort to them to have some one to turn to in time of need, and it will be a deep and lasting pleasure to you to know they have confidence in you.

If you will try my plan for a year I am very sure your immediate friends will be surprised at the progress you make in building up a noble character. A club

of young ladies have tested its merits and are delighted with the result.

Of course, individual tastes and aspirations will govern the selection of the monthly mottoes. One young lady took for her first motto, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." So faithfully did she obey it that at the end of three weeks a relative said to her, "What a change has come over you. It seems as if we could tell the very day you made up your mind to do thoroughly everything you engaged in. You make me think of a text." She quoted the above, and her niece then told her of the plan she had adopted.

You will have time to try for this, for you need only read your chosen sentence while making your toilet, and by pondering it a short time you will not be likely to lose sight of it during the day.

This is a royal road to culture, for once a good habit is formed you can give your attention to another subject with the assurance that you need not take up the last one again.

HOUSEKEEPING IN A SMALL WAY.

WHEN funds are plentiful it is an easy matter to furnish a house prettily, comfortably, and luxuriously, even if we lack the necessary taste; the furniture dealer can help us wonderfully, or a friend can overcome all deficiencies in that way.

In many cases the lack of the money causes a young housekeeper much thought, and many hours are spent in planning that she might show off her house to the best advantage. How singular that most of the gifts we have treasured for use when the eventful time of having a home of our own should arrive, are in most cases for sitting or bed-rooms. After these rooms are furnished we seemingly have nothing left for the dining-room, so it seemed to me, and I will give my experience.

My drawing-room being small, I dispensed with the border of my carpet for

that room, and with this border and a few yards of carpet made a very beautiful rug for my dining-room, leaving a margin of eighteen inches which I painted cherry.

Having some chairs not quite new, I also painted them the same color, for one can do wonders with a small quantity of paint. My table was square, padded, and corresponded in color with my chairs and floor. With a few well-chosen pictures on the walls, fancy curtains to the four windows, and some blooming plants my dining-room looked quite cozy and home-like. Of course, a floor not entirely carpeted will require wiping with a damp cloth every morning, but what energetic housekeeper minds a little thing like that?

Not long since, I visited a friend who, owing to reduced circumstances, was keeping house in two rooms. I hope few who read this are contemplating housekeeping on so small a scale, for but few, I fear, would prove as well satisfied, happy and withal so good a housekeeper as my friend.

I laid my wrappings aside in the bedroom, which was neat and prettily furnished. My friend then led me into, as I supposed, her sitting or living room but which proved to be the kitchen.

The floor was covered with matting, and besides the usual table and chairs was a large Japanese screen which hid the stove entirely from view. The one window was shaded by pretty curtains, a small stand, on which stood a few choice plants, a brass cage in which birdie was merrily singing, a light, ornamental rocker, and some few pictures and other small decorations finished this cheerful and pleasant little room.

Adjoining this room was a moderate-sized pantry where everything in the way of cooking utensils was kept. It seemed strange that any one could keep house so nicely with so little space, but system was displayed in every particular, and perhaps I was not wrong in thinking my friend "one woman in a thousand."

HOUSEKEEPERS.

DISHES FOR INVALIDS.

GREAT care should be taken in preparing dishes for invalids so they will be dainty and pleasing to the eye as well as palatable and nourishing. If they are served on a pretty tray with dainty linen and china they will be far more tempting. A small bunch of flowers adds much to a tea-tray. At some of the large sanitariums sprays of pansies, roses, carnations, or other fragrant flowers, with a bit of green are sent up on the tray to the invalids during the flower season. A new business has opened for women where dishes for invalids are prepared and sold and orders taken for those not on hand. In some cities these places are called "Delicacy Depots," and beef-tea, chicken broth, gruel, and all sorts of dishes for the sick-room are found there.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Cut a chicken into small pieces and put it into a deep earthen dish with one quart of cold water. Cover closely and let it steam until the meat is very tender; strain off the broth and let it stand until morning, then skim off all the fat and pour the broth into a bowl. Into your deep dish put one-third of a cup of rice, in one cupful of cold water, and steam until very soft; pour in the broth and steam an hour or so longer; season to the taste and serve hot.

BEEF-TEA.—To one pound of lean beef add one and one-half tumblers of cold water; cut the beef in small pieces, cover and let it boil slowly for twenty minutes; add a little salt after it is boiled.

OYSTER BROTH (FROM A NURSE).—One cup of chopped oysters, one cup of cold water, one-half cup of hot milk, salt and pepper to taste, one Boston cracker, rolled fine; put the oysters in the water; let them stand where they will slowly come to a boil, then strain in the milk; add the rolled crackers, salt and pepper.

CREAM TOAST.—Toast carefully two slices of bread, butter slightly, moisten

with hot water, and pour over them half a cup of warm cream. This is a most delicious dish.

MILK TOAST.—Pour over nicely toasted bread, one cupful of hot milk which has been thickened with a small teaspoon of corn-starch wet in cold milk. Add to this a little salt and two large teaspoons of melted butter before serving.

CHICKEN TOAST.—Chop cold chicken fine and boil in sufficient water to make a cupful when cooked. Add to this a small spoon of melted butter, a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of corn-starch. Pour this over two slices of toast.

EGG ON TOAST.—Moisten dry toast in a little hot water, butter slightly, and place on each slice a nicely poached egg.

STEAMED RICE.—Steam one-third of a cup of rice in one cup of cold water until soft. Add a little salt.

Serve with cream and sugar.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak two table-spoons of tapioca in cold water until soft, add to this one pint of new milk and boil in a double kettle three-quarters of an hour. Then add the yolks of two eggs, one-third cup of sugar, and flavor with vanilla or lemon extract. Cook fifteen minutes longer and cool before serving. Beat the two whites stiff for the top and sweeten with one tablespoon of sugar.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—Add to one cup of well-cooked oatmeal, while hot, one cup of milk and one cup of hot water. Beat all thoroughly together and strain through a wire strainer. If desired a little salt can be added.

STEAMED CUSTARDS.—Boil, in a double kettle, one pint of milk, two eggs, and one-third cup of sugar. When it commences to thicken remove from the stove, flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla extract, and pour into custard cups.

Place these in the steamer over a kettle of boiling water, and steam until as thick as the filling in custard pie. When done grate a little nutmeg over the top of them.

PANADA.—Two slices of stale bread half an inch in thickness, cut off the crust, toast them a nice brown, cut into squares of two inches in size, lay them in a bowl, sprinkle a little salt over them, and pour on a pint of boiling water.

GRAHAM MUSH.—Stir into boiling water which has been salted a little, Graham flour until the right consistency, being careful not to stop stirring, so that there will not be any chance of its being lumpy. When carefully made this will be pleasant and nourishing.

It should be served with cream and sugar.

A FRESH egg, the yolk and white beaten separately, sweetened, and a little cream added, is very strengthening, and is often given every morning to a sick person.

MANY invalids when convalescing are made sick again by giving them rich or hearty food. The utmost care must be used that they have simple, healthful, and nourishing food that will build up the system and yet not tax the stomach or other organs beyond their endurance.

CARRIE MAY ASHTON.

DOMINOES.—Have any kind of sponge-cake baked in a thin sheet. Cut the piece in the shape of dominoes. Frost the tops and sides of them. When the frosting is

hard, draw the black lines and the dots with a small brush that has been dipped in melted chocolate.

ALMOND CAKE.—Take one pound of butter beaten to a cream; half a pound of castor sugar, half a pound of flour, half a pound of almonds, blanched and sliced, one well-beaten egg, and a little rose-water. Mix and bake till done.

BISCUIT JELLY.—Take of white biscuits half a pound, of white sugar one pound, of water half a gallon. Boil to one-half; strain and evaporate, and then add of cinnamon a quarter-ounce, and rose-water half a pint.

CHOCOLATE BLANC-MANGE.—Milk one pint, gelatine, soaked in milk for one hour, half an ounce, grated chocolate rubbed in, two and a half spoonfuls of milk, eggs two, sugar half a teacupful, vanilla one teaspoonful. Warm the milk to boiling point, pour in the gelatine and milk, and stir until dissolved. Add the sugar to the beaten yolks of the eggs and mix until smooth. Into this beat the chocolate and the scalding milk. Continue to stir till done.

DROP CAKES.—Take six eggs, half a wine-glassful of rose-water, quarter-pound of castor sugar, flour quarter-pound, caraway seeds one ounce. Mix and drop on water paper, and bake.

MARLBOROUGH CAKES.—Take four eggs and whisk them, and of sugar half a pound. Beat these together for half an hour, then add half a pound of flour, caraway seeds one ounce. Bake until nicely done.

THERE are few that are not aware at one time of their life or another that they know a better way of living or doing. Goodness consists in living thus better, in doing thus better. What is needed then is a school for learning not so much what is to be done as to do what we know ought to be done.

THE prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues,

nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment, and character; here are to be found its true interest, its great strength, and its real power.—*Edwards*

IT is said that if a good feed of bran or meal moistened with vinegar is given to hens, they will eat no more eggs.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers are cordially invited for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking any information they may desire. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD DRESSES.

TRULY, fashion is a tyrant. Just as we complacently finish our dresses with rows of ruffles and narrow plaitings, with draped overskirts looped up over ample bustles, we are bidden to exchange them for straight skirts and a still plainer polonaise. And after we divest our dresses of their abundant trimmings, we view them with dismay, there is so little material that seems available. Let us look at two or three, however, that perhaps have been thrown aside for years. Now is the time for combinations. We recently saw at our dressmaker's a finely-finished dress composed of three different kinds of goods—a dark wine-color trimmed with plush of the same color and a figured material harmonizing with this. The bodice had revers of plush and a vest of the figured goods, gathered at the neck and shirred in at the waist-line. The same material was made into a puff at the top of the sleeve and cuff. The front breadth had two or three solid shirrs at intervals of one-fourth yard, then fell in plaits to the bottom of the skirt; one breadth of the figured goods was cut in two lengthwise, and put on each side of the front, and long revers of plush turned back over the side trimming from the front breadth. The back breadths were plain.

Portions of rich dress goods worn or soiled until they seem almost past usefulness may be used in this way, as the shirring will hide many defects; and when the material appears faded beyond all help, color it and press out every

wrinkle while damp. Remember that it is a poor rule that won't work both ways, and hence that you can perhaps make your narrow pieces go up and down the skirt by sewing them together, shirring at the top, and arranging the lower portion in plaits to hide the piecing. An old gored front breadth is just the thing for the new front, if one desires it plaited, as the plaits are started very narrow at the top, gradually growing wider to the bottom. The side widths can be used in the same way or plain, as preferred. Cuffs and puffs will lengthen the shortest sleeves; indeed, sleeves may be made entirely of pieces, as shown in the January number of the "HOME."

To avoid the "flopping" out of plaits, run each one down to the lining before the next one is laid. After finishing the front and sides turn the back wrong-side out, lay across the finished part, sew fast to the side seams, turn back over the back of the lining, and it is ready for finishing at the waist-line. Old basques which are worn or too narrow across the front may be easily widened or renewed by making a vest as shown in the fashion plates. If from any cause bias pieces are stretched out of shape, run a thread along the edge, then dampen and press well.

Children's dresses that are too short may be pieced at the top, then shirred on the wrong side. Braiding, now so popular, may often be employed to conceal places that have been torn or soiled. In fact, by a careful study of the fashion plates we may discover various ways of making old dresses into (almost) new ones.

AUNT HOPE.

[And does not a neat, nice-looking dress developed from such unpromising materials give the economical homemaker a thrill of genuine satisfaction in her work? These little home economies, of all sorts, are just what we like to have told in "Notes," and we all thank you for giving us so generous a share in your busy life.]

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—Has it ever occurred to you what a difference there is in guests and the work of entertaining them? It has been my pleasure, on several occasions of late, to help entertain young lady guests, and I could but note the difference in their ways.

The first came to us, a perfect stranger save to one member of our family, yet how quietly she fell into our home ways, and how little trouble she made. Our breakfast did not have to wait for her appearance; she was always on time. Really, if there is anything that disarranges the wheels of the household for the day it is to have this early meal wait; it not only hinders in the house, but out-of-doors as well, and this our guest seemed to understand. She appeared to see, intuitively, too, when she could do a favor and not hinder others in their duties; and when other company came in she was ready to entertain or be entertained.

Next came two bright, frolicsome young ladies from boarding-school. One could not help liking them, yet how they tired us. Anxious to lend a helping hand, but invariably in the way; standing in the pantry door and watching every movement, while we, trying to hurry our baking, went around them; making free with everything, helping themselves to one's wearing apparel and writing materials, until the thought could not be resisted, "When will it all end?"

The first knew how to be an agreeable guest, the others had the knowledge yet to gain. But who should give these lessons of unselfishness and thoughtfulness? Mothers may do much when their daughters are young, but do teachers do their whole duty in school? It seems to me that there is more delinquency in these matters now than years ago, when we had not so many books on etiquette.

But the "gude mon" wants his dinner, and that must be on time, if we are busy housekeepers.

AUNT PRUDENCE.

MORE OF SISTER CALLIE'S RECIPES.

DEAR "HOME" SISTERS:—I have just been trying a new rule for cookies; they are really nice, and I think that now, when eggs are high and milk scarce, some

other "HOME" housekeeper may like it, too.

One cup of brown sugar, rolled fine, one-half cup each lard and water, one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in the water, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of caraway seeds or other flavoring to taste, and flour to make a soft dough; roll thin, dust with granulated sugar, and bake quickly.

I will also give my recipe for brown bread: Three full cups of sifted corn-meal, two cooking-spoonfuls of molasses, or, what is better, wet maple sugar, three cups of boiling water stirred into the meal until the latter is thoroughly scalded; let stand until cool, then add one and one-half cups of sour milk, one and one-half cups of rye-meal, Graham, or what farmers call "coarse flour," a heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of vinegar, and stir well. Put in a dish which it will but little more than half fill, cover and bake three hours.

I think this excellent, and should like others to try it and "report success." Of course, if you wish a larger loaf you have only to use more of each ingredient, keeping the same proportions.

SISTER CALLIE.

HELPFUL RÉPLIES.

M. J., to fasten your steel crochet hook in the bone handle, fill the cavity in the latter with rosin, heat the part of the hook which it is designed to insert, press it into the cavity slowly but firmly, and hold it in place until cold. I have fastened knife handles on in this way, and think it would work equally well for the crochet-needle.

About the dyes, I have used the "Perfection" packages with good results. One should always take care to follow the directions given, as carelessness is a frequent cause of non-success in the use of any dyes. I do not think any dye is perfectly fast—or fadeless, rather—but if the color is properly "set" most of them give good satisfaction.

Now for the "home-made cracker" recipe: Sift one quart of flour, rub into this two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of warm water, and sufficient milk to make the dough of the

right stiffness to roll; I have never measured it but think it is about one and one-half cupfuls. Mold the dough lightly, roll out, and pound thoroughly with a potato-masher; three-fourths of an hour is not too long. Cut round, like crackers, prick with a fork, and bake until crisp.

I was pleased to see the request that we "Home" housekeepers give some hints whereby we have succeeded in brightening and making more pleasant our own homes. Mrs. A. L. N.'s "Bit of Color" was heartily appreciated by more than "Sister Mitty," and I have already profited by it. It is so much easier to do something which you know has been done by someone no more versed in the art of making "home-made furnishings" than yourself.

Accordingly, I am glad to tell you all how I made a pretty table—made it myself, with no help from the carpenter. I took two pieces of pine-wood, one inch thick, and two and one-half feet square. These served as the top and lower shelf of my table. The legs were two and one-half inches square, and I cut out the four corners of the shelf just the size of the legs to allow the latter to fit in nicely. Just below the top of the table I put cross-pieces around, both for appearance's sake and to strengthen the table. With glue and screws I made all as firm and neat as possible, and then covered the whole with dark-blue velveteen, drawing it as smoothly as possible over the shelf and top, and tacking with small furniture nails at the edges, covering the cross-pieces likewise and the legs. Then I took a piece of very coarse torchon lace, long enough to go around the table, top and shelf, gave it two good coats of shellac to stiffen it, gilded it, and I had so good an imitation of "brass lace" that it deceives every one who sees it. This I tacked around the edges of the top and the shelf, using brass-headed tacks, and my table was complete. You can have no idea of how pretty it is. I have not yet done so, but intend putting a row of the brass nails up the outside of each leg, as I think this will improve it still.

Any preferred material may be used for the covering; plush would be far richer looking than velvet, or cotton flannel of a dark shade might be employed, and furniture fringe substituted for the lace.

Now that I have furnished my "mite" I shall look anxiously for further developments. And will some one also kindly give directions for gentleman's knitted skull-cap, or slumber-cap, as it is sometimes called?

CLARA E. OTIS.

"CATCH-UP WORK."

Most of us like to have some light work on hand, always ready to "catch up" and put a few stitches in whenever we have a little spare time. For such work squares of linen, piqué, or even a fine, firm quality of unbleached sheeting are nice, to be used when done for quilts or bed-spreads. Cut the squares from nine to twelve inches, according to fancy, the squares for one quilt to be uniform in size, of course, and to make sure of having them even they should be cut by a thread.

If you use unbleached sheeting, work figures in outline stitch on each square, using the red French embroidery cotton for them; hem the squares and sew together with an insertion of red and white linen torchon, finishing the edge of the spread with red and white torchon lace; if you do not care to be at the expense of purchasing the insertion, seam the squares together, covering the seams with fancy stitching, done with red cotton.

If white linen or piqué is used, the figures would look very nice done in solid embroidery with white linen floss or working cotton. Put the squares together with knitted insertion, finishing the edge with knitted lace to match. Line with bright-colored sateen or silesia. These quilts will last almost a lifetime if carefully made and used.

MRS. A. L. N.

HINTS ON COOKING.

DEAR EDITOR:—I receive much benefit from "Home Notes," and think this exchange of ideas among housekeepers is just what was needed to make our Magazine perfect. In return for the favors received I will send in a few tried recipes. First, may I give "Sister Mitty" my recipe for preparing candied orange peel?

Take the peel cut in quarters, put it in

luke-warm water and let soak for about three days, changing the water quite often but keeping it at the same temperature as near as possible. This soaking takes out the bitter taste of the peel. When this is accomplished, put the peelings in fresh water and boil until so tender that they can be readily pierced with a broom-straw; drain them from this. Make a syrup of one cup of water to a pint of granulated sugar; let it boil up, remove the scum if any rises, then put in the peels and boil slowly until the syrup is nearly taken up and very thick; spread the peelings on a shallow dish, drain the remaining syrup over them, and set it in the hot-closet or a warm oven for a little while. I have better success with this rule than with another I have, by which the peels are not previously soaked.

Beef's liver can often be obtained at a low price, particularly by those living in the country, and our family like it much, for a change. Cut it in thin slices, pour over them boiling water, let stand for an instant, then drain off; have ready some finely-rolled bread or cracker-crumbs, dip the slices in these, then fry in hot fat, beef drippings, lard or butter. Place the slices in the hot fat, seasoning with pepper and salt to taste, put on the cover, and let cook slowly, turning once, until both sides are dark-brown and the liver tender, which will be in about three-fourths of an hour.

Onions are much nicer if boiled in milk; if water is used for boiling them it should be changed when they are half-cooked. Boil until tender, and serve whole, seasoning with butter, salt, and pepper.

Last winter we got out of tomato cat-sup, without which the family think that beans, meats, etc., entirely lose their savor. No fresh tomatoes were to be had, of course, so I took the canned vegetable. To four cans of tomatoes add one quart cider vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar, salt to taste, and a tablespoonful each of ground clove, allspice, and cinnamon. Simmer for five or six hours, stirring often enough to keep it from scorching; when done, bottle and seal. This makes a nice relish for cold meats, baked beans, etc.

I wonder if I have made too long a stay? I hope not, for I want to come

again. Will some sister please give directions for doing pottery work, and oblige,
MRS. H. C. S.

[Your stay was not at all too long, and we shall be very pleased to hear from you again.]

DEAR "HOME":—I should be very grateful if some good housekeeper among your number will give implicit directions for starting and keeping up a "stock-pot." In directions for making soups we nearly always find a call for so much "soup-stock," and I have often noticed in papers on household economy that the writers saved scrap of meat, bones, etc., for this stock. It seems to me that it would sour. Will not "Aunt Hope" or some other friend tell us about the making and saving and all?

HOUSEKEEPER OF SIX MONTHS.

NOTELETS.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have frequently heard blue denim spoken of as a useful and cheap material for portières and other home decorations. Will you please tell me what this is? I heard one lady say it is the common "drilling," such as overalls are made of, but I cannot imagine that anything pretty can be made of such material as that, or that persons of refinement and taste would like to use it. Will you please enlighten a

NEW READER.

["Blue denim" is certainly "blue drilling"—nothing more—yet satisfactory results in the way of draperies are developed from it. Not long since we noticed a portière of this material which was very effective. It was hung between a chamber and a smaller room opening from the former used as a closet, consequently the denim curtain was not lined as it otherwise would have been. It hung in soft, graceful folds, and was made with the wrong or light side out. A band of the dark-blue, perhaps eight inches in width, was set at top and bottom about the same width from the edge. This was buttonhole-stitched in place with rope linen of a rich orange color, and a simple design of linked rings was worked in outline stitch on both bands with the linen. Narrower bands, decorated in the same way, were used to hold back the

portière. To mark the design use a large cup, bottom up, allowing each ring as it is marked to lap a very little upon the one preceding it. Another blue denim portière was recently described as follows: At the top a hem of nine inches is turned, at the bottom twice this width; the stitching is covered by a white cotton rope, a half-inch in diameter, couched on with coarse white thread. Pieces of this rope, each one yard in length, are used instead of rings to suspend the portière, being firmly attached to the latter at the half-yard and the ends tied over the pole and fringed. To tie the portière back cords of the rope are used, with tassels made of the same. As in the first instance, the denim is made up with the wrong side for the right one.]

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—I have just learned something new—to me,

at least. If the tops of your fruit cans are immovable, fold a cloth several thicknesses, wet it in boiling water, place on top of the refractory can for a few moments, and you will find the cover loosens readily.

LAURETTA.

Can any of the "HOME" housekeepers tell me how to make cinnamon bread? I remember how delicious it used to taste to me, when a child, but have never been able to make it.

M. P.

EXCHANGE.

Miss Jane C. Smith, Brookfield, Vermont, has seeds of running and dwarf nasturtium, sweet clover or mellilot seed, and Madeira-vine bulbs, to exchange for bulbs of gladiolus of any color except scarlet, seeds of morning glory, phlox drummondi, scarlet salvia, asters, etc.

MEDICAL VALUE OF LEMONS. While you are giving people simple rules for preserving their health, why don't you tell them about the use of lemons?" an intelligent professional man asked me the other day. He went on to say that he had long been troubled with an inactive liver, which gave him a world of pain and trouble, until recently he was advised by a friend to take a glass of hot water, with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, but no sugar, night and morning, and see what the effect would be. He tried it, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left him; his appetite improved, and he gained several pounds in weight in a few weeks. After awhile he omitted the drink, either at night or in the morning, and now at times does without either of them. "I am satisfied from experiment," he said, "that there is no better medicine for persons who are troubled with bilious and liver complaints than the simple remedy I have given, which is far more efficacious than quinine or any other drug, while it is devoid of their injurious consequences. It excites the liver, stimulates the digestive organs and tones up the system generally. It is not unpleasant

to take, either; indeed, one gets to liking it."

IF a woman is to marry, there is nothing so much to be valued as good health and good sense and a really loving heart; and then it will follow that she will adapt herself to the calls upon her ability be it what it may. When a woman marries for a life of ease and does not get it, there is certainly no remedy in her case so long as she forgets that life is a struggle anywhere, and feels that she should be excused from helping to carry the burdens of those by whom she may be surrounded.

A GOOD NAME. A good name, like good will, is got by many actions and lost by one.

THE END OF MAN. The end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest.—*Carlyle*.

KEEP your conduct abreast of your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illumined by the radiance of God.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

GIFTS.

VERY often it is puzzling to know what will be acceptable to our friends, and the few trifles I describe here will be found not only ornamental, but all, in their way, useful. The cost of even the most elaborate should not exceed fifty cents, but it is easy to make them for even a smaller cost if some of the materials required are to be had without buying.

BASKET FOR FLOWERS OR BOX-BONS (fig. 1).—This is a very dainty little affair when well arranged, and is extremely simple and easy to make. The materials needed are card-board, and a square piece

with the silk. The divisions are then firmly sewn together. Now lay the handkerchief flat on the table, place the card-board case exactly in the middle of it so that each corner of the silk is opposite the scallop in the side. Take each corner, draw it into the centre and knot all four in pairs across the openings of the case. Fasten the knots loosely only, but put a few stitches to prevent them from becoming untied. Arrange the silk along the sides of the case into careless folds, and add a few stitches where necessary, to prevent it from straying so far across the opening as to render it difficult to get the contents in or out.

Four small pots of fern have a very

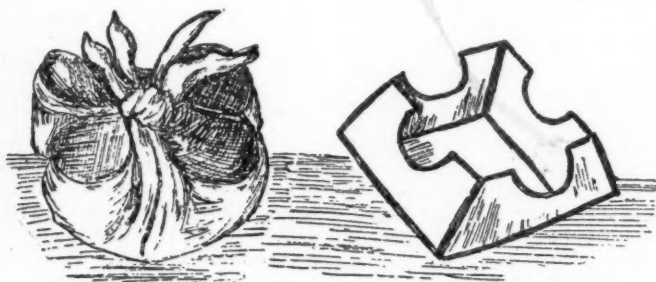


FIG. 1.

of pongee silk. Some of the larger handkerchiefs to be had now from twenty-five cents and upward, answer very well. Cut a six-inch square of the card-board, and four pieces for the sides of the basket. These must be six inches wide at the bottom, and slope to a width at the top of about four inches. The height should be about three inches and a half, but it is easy to alter the measurements if the handkerchief is not large enough to allow of so large a case. In the middle of each of the sides of the case is cut a large semicircular space, reaching at its widest part, to about half the depth of the piece of card-board. Each piece of card-board is then neatly bound with colored ribbon to match, and harmonize

pretty appearance if well placed in a case of this sort, and it is easy to make a basket on a larger scale if this will not hold them easily. Vases of flowers too, may be snugly hidden amongst the folds of silk, the flowers only being visible. Fruit always looks admirable against a framework of soft silk, so that such cases as these would be much appreciated by the sick. Small baskets made somewhat in the same fashion are very popular just now for the decoration of dinner-tables, and it is by no means difficult to arrange a piece of stiff card-board across the case to form a handle, then to draw the corners up to the top of it, and to hold them there by a smart little bow of narrow ribbon or a wee bouquet of flowers.

BOOK-MARKER (fig. 2).—This is quite a novelty, and although difficult to give a clear description of it on paper, it will be found quite easy to make when once the general principle is understood. The foundation of the book-marker consists of a band of broad elastic joined at the ends, like an ordinary garter. It is then covered with fancy ribbon about a quarter of an inch wider than the elastic. Take two pieces of ribbon double the length of the elastic. It is better to cut these longer than is required, than shorter,

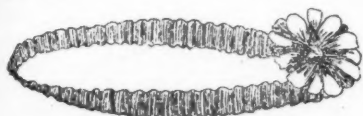


FIG. 2.

as it is never satisfactory to have to join them. Put the two ribbons together, so that the right side of each is outside, and run them together along one edge. Then place the elastic in the middle, between the two pieces of ribbon, stretch it as widely as possible without damaging it, and stitch the other two edges of the ribbon together. When the elastic is entirely covered, let it return to its natural size, when the result will be a circle of ribbon arranged in a number of small flutings. Manage so that the join in the ribbon comes in the same place as the join in the elastic, and cover it with a small cluster of loops of the same ribbon. When the book-marker is in use, it is passed lengthwise over the book, and the pages that have been read. The unread pages are left free, so that they can easily be turned over. The rosette comes at the top of the book.

There is no scope for embroidery in such a marker as this, but prettier ones still may be made of two triangular pieces of satin, which are first embroidered and then sewn together. One side is left unsewn so that the book-marker can be slipped on to the corners of the pages of a book. These may be made very ornamental and out of mere scraps of material.

DESIGN FOR BEADED CUFF (fig 3).—Everybody appreciates in winter the gift of a pair of warm cuffs, more especially when they are pretty and the ornamenta-

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tion is such as will not interfere in the slightest degree with their comfort. The pattern given in the diagram is not very difficult to follow, but has the merit of being extremely effective. Andalusian wool is the best to use, and it may be of almost any color, provided that the beads that are worked in with it harmonize well. Gray wool and steel beads, blue and silver, black or brown and gold, or black and garnet, are all satisfactory. The beads are threaded before the knitting is commenced, and are passed along the wool as far as possible, leaving groups of about twenty or so at intervals along the wool. A small fringe of beads is knitted along one edge. Cast on 50. This number of stitches will allow for cuffs of a good medium depth. Knit the first row plain. Second row.—Slip 3, pass on 5 beads, knit 1, knit 1 with 1 bead, knit 11 plain,

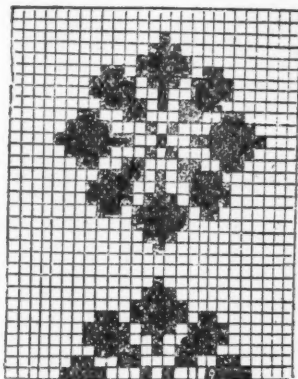


FIG. 3.

knit 1 with 1 bead, knit plain to end of row. In future when I say "beads," I shall mean stitches with a bead for each, except when the fringe is being worked. Every alternate row is knitted plain, and care must be taken to knit the slipped stitches very loosely, or the edge will be too tight.

Fourth row.—Slip 3, pass on 5 beads, knit 1, 1 bead, knit 10, 3 beads, knit to end of row. Sixth row.—Slip 3, pass on 5 beads, knit 1, 1 bead, knit 9, 5 beads, knit to end. Sixth row.—Slip 3, pass on 5 beads, knit 1, 1 bead, knit 6, 2 beads, knit 1, 5 beads, knit 1, 2 beads, knit the rest. Eighth row.—Slip 3, pass on 5 beads, knit 1, 1 bead. As every beaded

row is begun in the same way the fringe will not be repeated, but I shall give the directions after the single bead, which always follows the fringe. Knit 5, 4 beads, knit 1, 3 beads, knit 1, 4 beads, knit to end. Tenth row.—Knit 5, 4 beads, knit 2, 1 bead, knit 2, 4 beads, knit to end. Twelfth row.—Knit 6, 4 beads, knit 1, 1 bead, knit 1, 4 beads. Fourteenth row.—Knit 4, 2 beads, knit 2, 2 beads, knit 3, 2 beads, knit 2, 3 beads. Sixteenth row.—Knit 3, 4 beads, knit 3, 1 bead, knit 1, 1

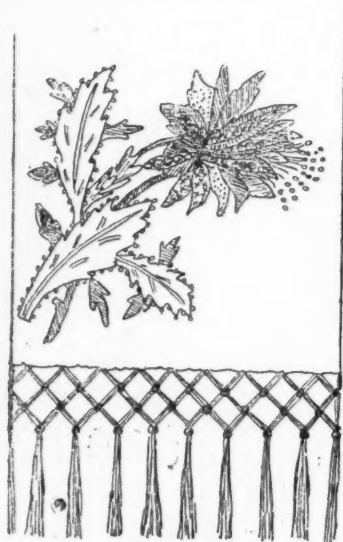


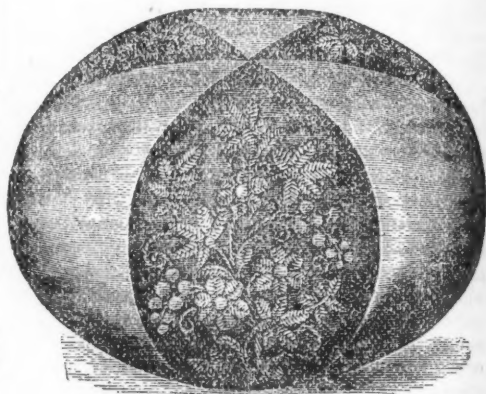
FIG. 4.

bead, knit 3, 4 beads. Eighteenth row.—Knit 2, 7 beads, knit 2, 1 bead, knit 2, 7 beads. Twentieth row.—Like the sixteenth. Twenty-second row.—Like the fourteenth. Twenty-fourth row.—Like the twelfth. Twenty-sixth row.—Like the tenth. Continue thus to work backward until the second row is finished. Then knit two rows without any beads except those in the fringe, and repeat from the second row. Continue thus until enough is worked to go comfortably round the arm, then cast off, and sew up the cuff.

After a little experience has been gained it will be found quite easy to knit thus any small cross-stitch pattern, and purses, mittens, and work-bags may all be knitted on much the same principle. Any

of these articles would be quite suitable for birthday gifts.

EMBROIDERED SASH (fig. 4).—For a young lady no more suitable present could be devised than a sash with handsomely embroidered ends such as that shown in the sketch. The original model was of faille, of the shade known as "old rose." The embroidery was carried out in various soft tones of grayish blue, golden brown, and the finest of gold thread. The silk used was filosele, and the principal stitch satin stitch, raised in some places,



ROUND CUSHION.

flat in others. Along the outline of the design the gold thread was looped into small picots, some of which were interlaced, others left free.

Such embroidery is also often seen upon the ends of streamers of ribbon, such as ornament the large-brimmed hats that are worn upon dressy occasions; indeed, the rage for embroidery of all sorts that is likely to prevail during the next few months renders the choice of gifts comparatively easy for those who are skillful with their needles. Vests, cuffs, collars, revers for dresses, scarves and lappets for hats all lend themselves well to ornamentation of this kind.

ROUND CUSHION.

THE flattened round cushion for a couch was, in the original model, made of strawberry-colored silk, three of the divisions being left plain.

SOMETHING PRETTY FOR THE LACE-KNITTERS.

FERN AND SHAMROCK LACE.

CAST on twenty-six stitches and knit across plain.

First row.—Slip one, knit one, over twice and purl two together. (This much is the heading and commences every odd row.) Narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over narrow, over narrow, over three times, narrow, knit five, over twice, and purl two together.

Second row.—Over twice and purl two together, knit six, make four stitches out of the loops, knit eleven, seam one, knit one, over twice and purl two together, knit two.

Third row.—Commence as in first, then knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, over narrow, over narrow, knit four over three times narrow, knit three, over twice, purl two together.

Fourth row.—Over twice, purl two together, knit four, make four out of the loops, knit fourteen, purl one, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Fifth row.—Heading, then narrow, over twice narrow, narrow over twice narrow, knit three, over narrow, over narrow, knit two, over three times narrow, knit seven, over twice, purl two together.

Sixth row.—Over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit one over narrow, over narrow, knit one, make four out of the loops, knit eleven, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Seventh row.—Heading, then knit two, narrow, over twice narrow, narrow over twice narrow, knit two, over narrow, over narrow, knit twelve, over twice, purl two together.

Eighth row.—Over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit one, over narrow, over narrow, knit thirteen, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Ninth row.—Heading, then narrow, over twice narrow, narrow over twice narrow, knit five, over narrow, over narrow, knit ten, over twice, purl two together.

Tenth row.—Over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit one, over narrow, over narrow, knit fourteen, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit one over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Eleventh row.—Heading, then knit two, narrow, over twice narrow, knit eight, over narrow, over narrow, knit eight, over twice, purl two together.

Twelfth row.—Over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit one, over narrow, over narrow, knit fifteen, purl one, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Thirteenth row.—Heading, then narrow, over twice narrow, knit eleven, over narrow, over narrow three stitches together, knit five, over twice and purl two together.

Fourteenth row.—Over twice and purl two together, narrow, knit one, over narrow, over narrow, knit fifteen, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Fifteenth row.—Heading, then knit sixteen over narrow knit five, over twice, purl two together.

Sixteenth row.—Over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit one, over, narrow three stitches together, knit seventeen, over twice, purl two together knit two.

Seventeenth row.—Heading, then knit seventeen, over narrow knit two, over twice, purl two together.

Eighteenth row.—Over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit nineteen, over twice purl two together, knit two. Repeat, from first row.

I liked this lace so well I wanted insertion to go with it, so I made this, which I like well, too:

Cast on eighteen stitches and knit across plain. The heading is the same as that in the lace.

First row.—Heading, narrow over twice narrow, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Second row.—Heading, knit eight, purl one, knit one over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Third row.—Heading, knit two, narrow over twice narrow, knit four, over twice purl two together, knit two.

Fourth row.—Heading, knit six, purl one, knit three, over twice purl two together, knit two.

Fifth row.—Heading, narrow over twice narrow, narrow over twice narrow, knit two, over twice purl two together, knit two.

Sixth row.—Heading, knit four, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Seventh row.—Heading, knit two, narrow, over twice narrow, narrow over twice narrow, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Eighth row.—Heading, knit two, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Ninth row.—Heading, narrow over twice narrow, narrow, over twice narrow, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Tenth row.—Heading, knit six, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Eleventh row.—Heading, knit two, narrow, over twice narrow, knit four, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Twelfth row.—Heading, knit six, purl one, knit three over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Thirteenth row.—Heading, narrow, over twice narrow, knit six, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Fourteenth row.—Heading, knit eight, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Sixteenth row.—Heading, knit ten, over, twice, purl two together, knit two. Repeat from first row.

I hope some of the "sisters" will try these and give others.

SISTER CALLIE.

SPANISH MOSS DECORATION.

LET all those having an eye for the beautiful, who think of going South any time during the next few months, prepare to bring back a goodly supply of Spanish moss. Your correspondent is sorry that she did not know its value until too late.

Spanish moss is a cleanly article. It will pack in with all sorts of goods without soiling them. The only dirt it makes is loose "litter" or leaflets which can readily be brushed up. It will bear compression to an almost indefinite extent, so that it will itself answer as packing material. So the matter of transportation need give you no uneasiness. It is so light, moreover, that a very great quantity, twenty yards or more, amounts to very little in the way of weight. You could mail as much as that any distance, for a few pennies.

Spanish moss costs nothing to procure.

You could, if you desired, easily obtain cartloads. Yet, strange to say, your friends will appreciate this more than anything else you could bring them. You will be surprised to find how very acceptable even a little will prove.

Yes, I know! You are going South with the vague idea of picking up golden oranges in the woods or along the roadsides, as you might blackberries or hickory-nuts here. You think you are going to send home boxes of oranges, just had for the gathering. But you will find that you can do nothing of the kind. Oranges are raised for market, just as we raise apples or peaches, and you can't help yourself from other people's orange-groves any sooner than you can from their apple or peach-orchards. A good orange costs about as much in Florida as it does anywhere else, because it is always in demand. You will find it very much more possible to remember your friends if you content yourself with gathering Spanish moss.

This plant was named, or at least discovered by the Spaniards who first occupied Florida. It is not a real moss at all, but a member of the pine-apple or Bromelia family. It is a parasitic plant, and its botanical name is *Tillandsia*. According to Gray, it is not found further north than the Dismal Swamp, Virginia. The plant generally attaches itself to the branches of the live oak, and hangs in long, trailing, graceful masses suggesting the pendent branches of the weeping willow. It also attaches itself to the tall pines, but less frequently.

We often see specimens of Spanish moss which have come here wrapped around oranges. Such specimens give little idea of the beauty of those freshly gathered. The growing plant is not a dead-looking gray, but rather of a delicate, sage-green tint. The leaflets are long and pointed, not shriveled and dry. Besides which, the whole plant exhales a delicious, sweet fragrance, like our own interesting wood-plant "beech-drops," or *Monotropa Hypopitys*. Spanish moss bears a true flower, which may be described as resembling a brown, chaffy orange-blossom. Of course, after you have gathered some and kept it awhile, it will gradually dry and lose its first beauty—but very gradually. Not nearly

so soon as autumn leaves and evergreens.

What can you do with the moss after you have it? A great many things. If you have a wall-paper with an ugly border, or one which does not harmonize with the furniture of the room, you can cover that border entirely with the moss. You only need to stick in enough pins or tacks to secure it in place. Here and there, if you like, you can let a few lengths fall gracefully to hide unsightly spots and cracks.

Another use for Spanish moss is to twine it around picture-frames, or even pictures alone. They say that it looks artistic to have about the house paintings without frames—it looks as if an artist lived there, and had not yet put the last touches to a particular canvas. Those who say this, also say that it is quite æsthetic to have such canvases arranged so that ivy may be trained to weave living wreaths around them. Now, you know that it is not always possible to arrange a picture just so—ivy requires a pot or a vase of water, and a picture may sometimes hang very well where it is not easy to have a shelf or bracket for the vase or pot. With Spanish moss, you have all the essentials of a graceful vine, but without any troublesome roots or any necessity for strong sunlight.

As to picture-frames, haven't you some fairly good ones, with the gilding just be-

ginning to crack, but which you would rather not regild until absolutely necessary? Or, haven't you some so far gone as to be not worth regilding, but which you must use for awhile as a makeshift? Spanish moss will both cover defects and heighten effects.

Then, again, Spanish moss will solve the ever-recurring problem, what to do with the unsightly grate or fire-board during the summer.

Take a big, gnarled, branched, lichen-grown stick, and mount it upright, under the mantel-piece, like a miniature tree. From the branches of this, let fall a number of lengths of the moss, drooping just as they would in nature. This will serve the purpose quite as well as dried grasses, and much better than pressed ferns.

Even a little of the moss is not to be despised. If you have winter bouquets of the ordinary pattern, dried grasses, bittersweet berries, etc., a bit of *Tillandsia* will give it a novel effect. It may be arranged to fall down the side of the vase as a piece of *smilax* might in a hot-house bouquet. In the thousand little decorative trifles made with twigs, paper, narrow ribbon, etc., a wisp of the moss might be used as readily as real moss or feathers.

Depend upon it, the possibilities of Spanish moss in decoration are not yet appreciated as they should be. Get what you can, and then try what you can do.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

THE first effect of alcohol on the system is to accelerate the action of the heart and raise the temperature of the body. It is this effect which makes it valuable in cases of fainting or collapse. The secondary effect is, however, to lower the temperature below the normal point of ninety-eight degrees, and the warmth of the body cannot be restored as quickly as it is lost. For this reason drunkards are more likely to suffer from exposure to cold than temperate people, and the stupor of alcohol is apt to pass into the sleep of death.

WORK in spite of yourself, and make a habit of work; and when the habit of work is formed it will be transfigured

into the love of work, and at last you will not only abhor idleness, but you will have no happiness out of the work which then you are constrained from love to do.

TO LIVE well in the quiet routine of life, to fill a little space because God wills it, to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties and little avocations, to smile for the joy of others when the heart is aching—who does this his works will follow him.

HE who never sacrifices a present to a future good or a general one can speak of happiness only as the blind speak of color.

BABYLAND.

DAISY'S STOLEN RIDE.

THE up train had stopped at the station
With a very loud whistle and
scream,
And now it was waiting ten minutes
For refreshments, and puffing off steam.
Little Daisy, who lived at the depot,
Stopped playing to look at the train,
And the queerest of all queer ideas
Came into her queer little brain.

She hadn't said one word about it
At home. Ah! the sly little elf!
But here she was dressed and all ready
To take the cars—all by herself.
She had on her furs and white mittens
And pretty gray coat, with white
streaks,

What ever possessed her to do it,
This oddest of all her odd freaks?

She looked most bewitchingly cunning,
With a blue bow tied under her chin.
No wonder folks smiled as they saw her
Skip up the high steps and walk in;
But what did she care for the people,
Or what did she know of their smile,
As she dodged thro' the door where 'twas
open,
And tiptoed her way down the aisle!

She curled herself up on the cushion,
Such a velvety, soft, crimson seat.
Then a lady, who came and sat by her,
Gave her some of her luncheon to eat.
Then Daisy reached out one white
mitten
And touched the kind lady's brown
dress.

"Oh! you are a cute little midget,
You're somebody's pet, too, I guess."

The lady said—"Where are you going,
You dear little mite of a thing?"
But Daisy the "mite" wouldn't tell her,
And so commenced softly to sing.
"I suppose the conductor, most likely,
Must understand where she's to go,"
Thought the lady in brown, with the
luncheon:

"Perhaps she belongs to him, too."
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The old cars went rumbling and rumbling,
And Daisy, curled up in a heap,
Began to be tired and drowsy,
And soon she was just fast asleep.
The train reached the next little station,
In came a man—looking around,
As if somebody'd lost some great treasure
Which somebody else must have found.

He looked here and there, and all over—
Then, just as the cars tooted loud,
He reached out one arm and snatched

Daisy,
And bore her away thro' the crowd.
Poor Daisy! the man looked so gentle
And kind, and he patted her head,
But to be so jerked up in a minute
From such a nice soft velvet bed!

She wanted to cry, but she didn't,
For when the down train stopped first
there

The man called another tall fellow,
And put Daisy into his care.
He took her straight back where she
came from—
Do you think Daisy thanked him? not
she!

She only kept still, hardly breathing,
As she sat half asleep on his knee.

You see she was missed in the morning
From her home ere she got very far,
And somebody's eyes that were watching,
Had seen her get into the car.
They couldn't spare their little Daisy,
So they sent the word over the wire,
And she came back, all safe, to the house-
hold,
Aboard of the afternoon "Flyer."

Now what do you think—was she
punished

And sent off to bed, right away,
Without any supper? Ah! listen,
That's where you're mistaken, I say,
But then, 'tisn't strange, for grown-up
folks [that
Sometimes make worse blunders than
Of course you thought Daisy a bad,
naughty girl,

She was only A GRAY PUSSY CAT!!
HATTIE F. BELL.

FASHION NOTES.

THERE seems to be a growing fancy for having the sleeves of a different material from the dress, and some pretty dresses of black and green fancy vicuna are made up with green velvet sleeves with a deep cuff of black passementerie. Black or brown spots on a colored background are quite the latest novelty, and are made up in many curious ways.



No. 1.

Sometimes the back of the bodice will be made of the material covered with small articles of similar size, whilst the front will have spots of graduated sizes, getting very much larger toward the side where it fastens. This style looks well in either terra-cotta or green figured with black, one side of the bodice being made of velvet in a little darker shade than the dress.

The sleeves should also be of velvet, with cuffs of black passementerie.

A curious fashion which is coming into favor is having the waist-band so as to fasten over the bodice. There is no separate waist-band at all, only some folds of velvet fastened round the band of the skirt, which is made to hook over the bodice. Seamless bodices are coming into favor, but they are very difficult to make. The *beau ideal* of the dressmaker is to conceal the fastenings of a dress, so that no one can imagine how the wearer has put it on. The colored dresses figured with black floral patterns continue to hold their own, blue, green, or terra-cotta being the favorite colors. The pattern should be very faintly printed, the favorite flowers being the Japanese chrysanthemum or an attenuated sunflower. Colors are gradually getting brighter, and Venetian red will take the place of terra-cotta.

There is quite a mania for Spanish fashions, and the Bolero jacket forms a favorite feature of dress both for day or evening wear. Evening dresses have the jacket made in pearls or even in lace, and day dresses have it in velvet embroidered in black. I have seen some pretty ball dresses with the upper part of the bodice embroidered *à la Zouave* in thin pearls and iridescent beads, or covered with little sprays of flowers in colored silks. A white satin bodice was embroidered in white chenille flowers outlined in pearls and iridescent beads, whilst a black satin bodice was covered with tiny sprays of Neapolitan violets, the violet being the name-flower of the wearer. A pretty feature in some of the evening gowns is the *ceinture*—a satin band embroidered with beads and terminating in fringes of pearls and crystal.

NO. 1. DRESS WITH JACKET BODICE FOR GIRLS OF NINE OR ELEVEN YEARS.—The lining of the pattern given can be used for the dress here shown, and the jacket parts cut after the fronts. Over the fronts, made of dead-blue woolen stuff,

which are crossed under and hooked in front, are arranged two scarfs of the plaid

sleeves. Small red silk buttons ornament the cuffs and front edges of the jacket fronts lined with sarsenet. The foundation skirt set on to a narrow band is hidden by a gathered jupe made of both stuffs.



No. 2.

stuff used for the trimming; this also gives the folded waist-band fastened with a buckle, and the deep cuffs of the full

No. 2. WALKING COSTUME WITH JACKET FRONTS.—This stylish costume is made of gray checked and black velvet, now so much admired. The tight-fitting



No. 3.

lining of the bodice, hooked in front, is covered with a velvet jabot laid in small plaits, while the sides and back are of plain velvet. The double sleeves and stand-up collar are also made of the same

stuff, but the jacket fronts and upper skirt of checked velvet.

No. 3. The stuff used for this dress is peacock-blue cloth, the trimming of darker velvet the same color. The front is caught up slightly; the back breadths are gathered and fall down plain. The fronts of the bodice with postillion basques at the back are covered six and a quarter inches deep like a yoke with velvet, and below this with cloth put on plain, above which are set drapery parts and that on the right side is sewn down, the one on the left side hooked over, and the plaits at the waist stitched out four inches high. Band and bow on the top of each sleeve of moire silk ribbon two and three-quarter inches wide.

As an example of the simple elegance of the spring styles, we show No. 4, which is composed of soft twill costume cloth, in a deep shade of *terre*—which somewhat resembles tan, but has a newer effect—and a dense golden-brown Vel-Vel. The skirt is very straight, but much relieved by the deep facing of Vel-Vel showing between the long battlements at the foot of the front drapery.

The back is unsupported by steel or pad, although there is a closely-plaited frill of crinoline muslin starting from the waist, and the coarse gathers are sewn quite plainly to the waist-band.

The front is slightly draped on either side, but the lower part is quite plain. The bodice is extremely stylish, and quite in the latest fashion. The back is plain, with the usual side-pieces, and the centre back forms two pointed tabs, reaching to the extreme point, about two and a half inches below the waist-line. Under these are two similar tabs of Vel-Vel, which are about half an inch larger all round, and show beneath the tabs of cloth.

The front of the bodice lining is cut with the left side wider than the right, as the front is entire, and the opening, which fastens with hooks and eyes, is on the right side of the velvet plastron. When this part is fastened, the slightly-full cloth front fastens across to the left side of the bodice, the top edge being outlined with embroidered gimp in shades of brown and yellow.

The close-fitting velvet sleeves have a cross-way folded pouff of cloth which is

wider on the top of the arm, and narrows off to a sharp point at either end.



No. 4.

If the material is very thin and limp, this centre part should be lined with stiff

muslin to make it stand up, as shown in the sketch.

No. 6.—Indoor Toilette with short bodice and trimming of ribbon velvet.



No. 5.

No. 6.

No. 7.

No. 5.—Indoor Toilette with Vandyke trimming.

No. 7.—Breakfast Gown (Princess shape).

IT is a mistake to suppose that work, when properly directed, will ever cause a premature break-down either of body or mind. Uniform industry is as conducive to health as is regularity in diet.

THE value of labor as a tonic is not theoretical. Work to do and the will to do it well are as certain to induce cheerfulness and contentment as idleness or mere desultory occupation is likely to bring langour, irritability, and fancied ailments.



EVANGELINE.